

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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ON AN APPLE.

MYSTERIOUS fruit! thy ruddy round
Sets frolic fancy flying.
Half hid in orchard-grass, I found
Thee fallen. Day was dying.
Laura had left me there alone,
My parting kiss refusing;
And, since all joy with her had flown,
I fell to mumpish musing.

An Apple! Well, 'tis juicy-sweet,
By Phœbus rarely roasted;
A lovelier or more luscious treat,
Pomona never boasted.
And yet, and yet, one can't forget —
The painful thought *will* slip in —
The mischief mortal kind have met
From such another pippin.

O Eve! if you content had been
With pear, or plum, or cherry,
Our world had shewn a different scene,
Less mad, and far more merry,
And many a sermon had been spared,
In churches and in chapels.
If we, your children had not shared
Your luckless taste for apples.

Fair fruit! What strange malignant fate
Links with your mellow glory,
The perils of our fallen state,
The sadness of our story?
From those of old in captured Troy,
Whom Paris brought to sorrow,
To him, the orchard-robbing boy,
Who dreads his birch to-morrow.

How many souls associate
With *you* their trips and trials,
Of all on whom despotic fate
Has voided all her phials.
Eve and Genone, Jack and Jill,
Myself and Menelaus,
Find you a Dead Sea mockery still,
That tempts but to betray us.

What dismal destiny bestowed
Your dower of disaster?
Swift-footed Atalanta owed
To you her lord and master.
And Tell, and Tantalus — Good lack!
On earth or with the gods,
You have a most distinguished knack
Of setting things at odds.

Per contra, fairness must forbid
The muse to be quite mute on
The little service once you did
To good Sir Isaac Newton.
But that was quite exceptional,
And surely is, beside, a
Right poor set-off against the Fall,
And that sad scene on Ida.

Thrice luckless fruit! our world had been
Far better off without you;
Ribstone or russet, red or green,
There's some ill spell about you.
Mankind perchance had sager grown
More fit with fate to grapple,
Had earth or Eden never known
A woman or an apple.

So grumbled I, when lo! a pair
Of pouting lips were proffered;
And — taken somewhat unaware —
I welcomed what they offered.
And verily 'tis wondrous strange,
And passing explanation,
The mighty metamorphic change
Wrought by that osculation.

Said Laura: "You're a silly goose,
Because a girl's capricious,
To whelm with eloquent abuse
A pippin so delicious.
And that old sneer at Mother Eve,
Is worse than stale — it's shabby;
My poor old Bertie, I believe
You're growing tart and crabby."

Quoth I, "Sun-stinted fruit will lose
The sweetness of its savour,
And I grow sour if you refuse
The sunshine of your favour.
I'm sweet as drops from Hybla's hive,
If you but smile; so *do*, love.
You are my Venus, and I give
The apple unto you, love."

She smiled — a more seductive smile
Ne'er came from Cythera —
But thought my pseudo-classic style
A most absurd idea.
She would not take the apple — she
Was no pert Pagan Venus;
And so, to save more words, d'y'e see,
We ate the fruit between us.

Chambers' Journal.

SONNET.

SPIN me a rope of sand, or forge a chain
Of yeasty foam to hold the mighty sea;
Then with cold words of wisdom come to me
To bind me to your creed that love is vain.
Your rope would perish with an April rain,
Your chain would fly before a zephyr's breath:
So your cold words of wisdom meet their
death
When Love's low whisper makes the heart grow
fain.
The match of Love is of so quick a sort
It can be lighted with the merest touch;
And let it once be kindled, e'en in sport,
Cool reason, thawing, finds the flame too
much.
If love within our hearts an entry gain,
Love is triumphant, all things else are vain.

London Society.

From The Quarterly Review.
LIFE OF THE FIRST EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.*

THERE are few characters in English history better worth studying than that of Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury. He lived in most momentous times, and he played most important parts in them. He was a Royalist and a Parliamentary by turns during the Great Rebellion; a kind of half-Cromwellian, with monarchical leanings, under the Commonwealth; a courtier, a patriot, a member of the Cabal, and a fierce Exclusionist, under the Restoration. He changed sides with an audacity, a rapidity, and an adroitness, that make it difficult, almost impossible, to decide whether he was corrupt or incorrupt, whether he acted upon principle or no-principle, whether he adopted expediency, broad enlightened expediency, for the rule of his public conduct, or, in each successive crisis, simply waited for the tide, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

If his changes had uniformly, or even generally, coincided with his interests or supposed views of personal advancement, there would be little room for doubt; but they did not. Making no allowance for him on this score, historians, poets, and lawyers, have joined in a chorus of reprobation. The brilliant rhetoric of Macaulay, the splendid satire of Dryden, the inexhaustible wit of Butler, the forensic acuteness of Lord Campbell, have been combined against his fame; yet no one of these formidable assailants can be deemed unexceptionable as a witness or a judge, and all of them together ought not to preclude renewed inquiry or appeal, if it can be shown that they were swayed by prejudice or imperfectly acquainted with the facts. In the full and complete Life before us, Mr. Christie has undertaken to show this: to prove that historians, poets, and lawyers, are equally at fault: that Shaftesbury was not a bad man, if an erring one: that his admitted faults and vices were less those of the individual than of the age:

that he lived in times when, to persist in an uncompromising course, was as impracticable as to walk straight amongst pitfalls or to keep clear of sunken rocks without tacking: that, whenever he joined or left a party or a cause, he did so because it had assumed fresh colours, or because a more effective mode of promoting the essential object of good government had broken upon him.

The undertaking was one of no ordinary boldness, and Mr. Christie is no ordinary biographer. Acute, cultivated, zealous, industrious, scrupulously accurate, justly confident in his resources and his views, he possesses (what we recently commended in Sir Henry Bulwer) the marked advantage of a peculiar training for his task. He has held high appointments in the diplomatic service, and he was an active member of the House of Commons for some years. In suggesting that biographers of statesmen will always be the better for some practical acquaintance with public affairs or statesmanship, we are not afraid of incurring the satirical reproof implied in the well-known line—

“Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.”

Shaftesbury himself foresaw that he would be hardly judged by posterity. “Whoever considers the number and the power of the adversaries I have met with, and how studiously they have, under the authority of both Church and State, dispersed the most villanous slanders of me, will think it necessary that I in this follow the French fashion, and write my own Memoirs, that it may appear to the world on what ground or motives they came to be my enemies, and with what truth and justice they have prosecuted their quarrel; and if in this whole narration they find me false or partial in any particular, I give up the whole to whatever censure they will make.” Such is the commencement of a meditated autobiography, which breaks off abruptly at the most interesting point; just when “my life is not without great mixtures of the public concern, and must be much intermingled with the history of the times.” This fragment, however, is valuable as an illustration of the period and the writer. In describing or (to use

* *A Life of Anthony Ashley, First Earl of Shaftesbury*, 1621-1683. By W. D. Christie, Formerly Her Majesty's Minister to the Argentine Confederation and to Brazil. 2 vols. London and New York, 1871.

his own expression) "setting down his youthful time" — including the particulars of his birth, family, and education — he incidentally throws light on national manners; whilst his sketches of contemporaries are remarkable for fineness of perception, firmness of touch, rich racy expression, and vitality. One of them, that of Mr. Hastings, "son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon," (often reprinted) has won a place in popular literature by these qualities. There is another autobiographical fragment, which skims over parts of his early life in a more cursory fashion; there is also extant a Diary for four years and a half of his middle life; but little more than bare well-known facts are to be collected from these documents; which occupy less than thirty pages of Mr. Christie's Appendix, and afford little aid when we come to the vexed questions or debateable ground. It is just possible that on approaching this same ground, Shaftesbury paused and thought better of it, or that the maxim, attributed to an eighteenth-century diarist, occurred to him: "Whenever you have made a good impression, go away." The Fragments leave a decidedly favourable impression, which their completion or continuation might have disturbed.

"My birth (he states) was at Wimborn St. Gyles in the County of Dorset, on the 22nd day of July, 1621, early in the morning; my parents on both sides of a noble stock, being of the first rank of gentry in those countries where they lived." It appears from this and other passages that the term "noble" was then used in England, as it is still used on the Continent, to designate merely ancient lineage or good birth. "My mother's name (he continues) was Anne, the sole daughter and heir of Sir Anthony Ashley, knight and baronet, lord of the manor and place where I was born; my father, Sir John Cooper, knight and baronet, son of Sir John Cooper, of Rockborn in the county of Hamshyre. I was christened by the name of Anthony Ashley, for, notwithstanding my grandfather had articulated with my father and his guardians that he should change his name to Ashley, yet, to make all sure in the eldest, he resolved to add

his name, so that it should not be parted with."

Clarendon has recorded that many of the great men who took part in the Civil War were little men. An accurate notion of Shaftesbury's bodily proportions is conveyed by Dryden's nervous couplet: —

"A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay."

He took after his mother and maternal grandfather in these respects. "Sir Anthony Ashley was of great age, but of strong sense and health; he had been for wisdom, courage, experience, skill in weapons, agility, and strength of body scarce paralleled in his age, of a large mind in all his actions, his person of the lowest. His daughter was of the same stature, a modest and virtuous woman, of a weaker mould, and not so stirring a mind as her father. Sir John Cooper was very lovely and graceful both in face and person, of a moderate stature, neither too high nor too low, of an easy and an affable nature, fair and just in all affairs." Sir Anthony Ashley, when nearly fourscore, had taken to wife a young lady under twenty, near of kin to the Duke of Buckingham, "from whom he expected great preferment and, from *her*, children; but he failed of his expectation in the first, and his age, with the virtue of the young lady, could not help him to the latter." He accordingly settled all his fortune on his son-in-law and daughter for their lives with remainder in fee to Shaftesbury, "for he grew every day more and more fond of me, being a prating boy and very observant of him." Sir Anthony died in 1627, and Lady Cooper (the mother) in 1628, whereupon Sir John Cooper (the father) took for his second wife the widow of Sir Charles Morison, and daughter and coheir of the Lord Viscount Camden, "a lady beautiful and of great fortune, a discreet woman of a large soul, who if she had not given some jealousy to both her husbands, and confirmed it afterwards by marrying the person (Sir Richard Alford) mought (*sic*) have been numbered amongst the excellent." This marriage caused the removal of the family to Cashio-

bury, the jointure house of the lady, where Sir John died, in March, 1630, Shaftesbury being thus left an orphan in his ninth year. Up to this time, and for about a year afterwards, he had been under the instruction of one Mr. Guerden, who subsequently became a physician of note. Mr. Guerden's successor in this charge was Mr. Fletcher, "a very excellent teacher of grammar;" and this is all we know of Shaftesbury's education till he went to Exeter College, Oxford, in 1637.

It is the remark of Gibbon that every man who rises above the common level has received two educations: the first from his teachers; the second, more personal and important, from himself. Shaftesbury may be cited in confirmation of this theory, and he is also a striking instance of the precocity which occurs, or at all events is made prominent, so much more frequently in preceding generations than in our own. This is pre-eminently the age of septuagenarian, almost octogenarian, statesmen and generals; but we can no longer boast of youthful orators, ministers, heroes, and conquerors, like Fox, Pitt, Condé, and Napoleon; nor of men of mark marrying, settling, and taking up a distinguished position, public or private, in their teens. Shaftesbury was under eighteen when he married, under nineteen when he took his seat in the House of Commons, and hardly thirteen when he intervened personally in the management of his property, sadly mismanaged by his guardians, and succeeded in wresting a large slice from the grasp of an uncle who had hoped to plunder him through the connivance of the Court of Wards. This uncle, Sir Francis Ashley, was a formidable antagonist, being the King's serjeant-at-law, and "one of more elocution, learning, and abilitie, than gratitude or piety to his elder brother's family." The main point in question was whether a deed of settlement took the estate out of wardship:

"Mr. Noy was then the King's Attorney, who, being a very intimate friend of my grandfather's, had drawn that settlement; my friends advised that I was in great danger if he would not undertake my cause, and yet, it being

against the King, it was neither proper nor probable he would meddle in it for me; but weighing the temper of the man, the kindness he had for my grandfather, and his honour so concerned if a deed of that consequence should fail of his drawing, they advised that I must be my own solicitor, and carry the deed myself alone to him, which, being but thirteen years old, I undertook and performed with that pertinence that he told me he would defend my cause though he lost his place. I was at the Court, and he made good his word to the full without taking one penny fees. My Lord Cottington was then Master of the Wards, who, sitting with his hat over his eyes, and having heard Sir Francis make a long and elegant speech for the overthrowing of my deed, said openly, 'Sir Francis, you have spoken like a good uncle.' Mr. Attorney Noy argued for me, and my uncle rising up to reply (I being then present in court), before he could speak two words, he was taken with a sudden convulsion fit, his mouth drawn down to his ear, was carried out of the court, and never spoke more."

Without going quite the length of the Reverend Mr. Thwackum in the doctrine of judgments, we call on all wicked uncles to take warning from this catastrophe. Shaftesbury's career at the University was no less typical of the coming man than that of Napoleon making snowball ramparts and directing mimic sieges at Brienne. We see the restless, scheming, turbulent politician as clearly as the nascent strategist in the bud. The mode in which he set about obtaining influence, and the uses he made of it, are equally characteristic.

"I kept both horses and servants in Oxford, and was allowed what expense or recreation I desired, which liberty I never much abused; but it gave me the opportunity of obliging by entertainments the better sort and supporting divers of the activist of the lower rank with giving them leave to eat when in distress upon my expense, it being no small honour amongst those sort of men, that my name in the buttery book willingly owned twice the expense of any in the University. This expense, my quality, proficiency in learning, and natural affability easily not only obtained the goodwill of the wiser and older sort, but made me the leader even of all the rough young men of that college (Exeter), famous for the courage and strength of tall, raw-boned Cornish and Devonshire gentlemen, which in great numbers yearly come to that college,

and did then maintain in the schools coursing against Christ Church, the largest and most numerous college in the University."

This coursing he goes on to explain, was in olden times intended for a fair trial of learning and skill in logic, metaphysics, and school divinity, but for some generations the verbal disputation had uniformly ended in affronts, confusion, and very often blows, "when they went most gravely to work," making a great noise with their feet, hissing and shoving with their shoulders, the stronger driving out the weaker, the proctors and occasionally the Vice-Chancellor being swept away with the throng.

"I was often one of the disputants, and gave the sign and order for their beginning, but, being not strong of body, was always guarded from violence by two or three of the sturdiest youths, as their chief, and one who always relieved them when in prison and procured their release, and very often was forced to pay the neighbouring farmers, when they of our party that wanted money were taken in the fact, for more geese, turkeys, and poultry than either they had stole or he had lost, it being very fair dealing if he made the scholar, when taken, pay no more than he had lost since his last reimbursement."

Shaftesbury records with manifest exultation that there were two other things in which he had a principal hand when he was at college: "the one, I caused that ill custom of tucking freshmen to be let off; the other, when the senior fellows designed to alter the beer of the college, which was stronger than other colleges, I hindered their design." Proceeding warily and knowingly, he effectually stopped the deterioration of the beer. His plan was this. The poorer undergraduates who were intended by their friends to get their livelihood by their studies were directed to rest quiet whilst all the others "that were elder brothers, or unconcerned in their anger," should go in a body and strike their names out of the buttery book; "which was accordingly done, and had the effect that the senior fellows, seeing their pupils going that yielded them most profit, presently struck sail and articulated with us never to alter the size of our beer, which remains so to this day." The other he tells us, was a harder work, tucking being a custom of great antiquity for the senior to call up the freshmen and make them hold out their chin, "and they (the seniors) with the nail of the right thumb, left long for that purpose, grate off all the skin from the lip to the chin and

then cause them to drink a beer-glass of water and salt."

He had made up his mind not to undergo "tucking," and by a lucky chance the freshmen of his year were a strong body, physically and numerically strong, comprising "more and lustier young gentlemen" than had come to the college in several years before, who, on his prompting, "cheerfully engaged to stand stoutly in defence of their chins." They all appeared at the appointed evening in the hall, "and my Lord of Pembroke's son calling me first, as we knew by custom it would begin with me, I according to agreement gave the signal, striking him a box on the ear, and immediately the freshmen fell on, and we easily cleared the buttery and the hall, but bachelors and young masters coming in to assist the seniors, we were compelled to retreat to a ground chamber in the quadrangle."

In this extremity they appear to have turned their classical studies to good account. Like the two champions in the "Æneid" who threw open the gates of the camp, "some of the stoutest and strongest of our freshmen, giant-like boys, opened the door, let in as many as they pleased, and shut the door by main strength upon the rest." Those who had been let in were beginning to rue their rashness, when Shaftesbury interposed and proposed to employ them as negotiators, "some of them being considerable enough to make terms for us, which they did; for Dr. Prideaux, always favourable to youth offending out of courage, uniting with the fears of those we had within, gave us articles of pardon for what had passed and an utter abolition in that college of that foolish custom."

The story of his marriage in his eighteenth year with a daughter of the Lord Keeper Coventry is told in the same quaint and pointed language. The young couple took up their residence with the Lord Keeper at his town house, paying occasional visits to Dorsetshire, where Shaftesbury's main object was to keep up his county influence and mortify his principal rival, Mr. Rogers, "a near neighbour, of a noble family and estate, a proper handsome man, and indeed a very worthy noble gentleman, and one that thought so well of himself as gave him a value with others." The principal scene of action was a bowling-green at Hanley, "where the gentlemen went constantly once a week, though neither the green nor accommodation were inviting, yet it was well placed for to continue the correspondence of the

gentry of those parts." Here he omitted no opportunity to show up Mr. Rogers, whose coach and six, garb, and discourse, "all spoke him one that thought himself above them, which, *when observed to them*, they easily agreed to. My family, alliance, fortune, being not prejudiced either by nature or education, gave me the juster grounds to take exceptions; besides, my affable, easy temper, now with care improved, rendered the stiffness of his demeanour more visible." Although the only finished portrait in the Autobiography is the familiar one of Mr. Hastings, each of the leading gentry has a graphic sentence or two devoted to him, showing how carefully Shaftesbury studied character with the obvious view of preparing stepping-stones for his ambition.

No reasonable reader complains of any number of egotistical confessions or revelations in a diary or autobiography. We like Pepys the better for his weaknesses, and we are amused by the self-complacency with which Lord Herbert of Cherbury expatiates on his own physical advantages, as when he says: "It is well known to those that wait in my chamber that the shirts, waistcoats, and other garments I wear next my body are sweet beyond what either easily can be believed or hath been observed in any one else." Shaftesbury is equally frank, and our wonder at the exertions of which so feeble a frame was capable is greatly enhanced at finding that he was a constant sufferer from disease:

"At the hunting I was taken with one of my usual fits, which for divers years had hardly missed me one day, which lasted for an hour, betwixt eleven and one, sometimes beginning earlier and sometimes later betwixt those times. It was a violent pain of my left side, that I was often forced to lie down wherever I was; at last it forced a working in my stomach, and I put up some spoonfuls of clear water, and I was well, if I may call that so, when I was never without a dull aching pain of that side. Yet this never abated the cheerfulness of my temper; but, when in the greatest fits, I hated pitying and loved merry company, and, as they told me, was myself very pleasant when the drops fell from my face for pain; but then my servant near me always desired they would not take notice of it, but continue their diversions, which was more acceptable to me; and I had always the women and young people about me at those times, who thought me acceptable to them, and peradventure the more admired me because they saw the visible symptoms of my pain, which caused in all others so contrary an effect."

This hunting took place near Tewkesbury, and the "meet" was attended by

the bailiffs and burgesses of that borough, who, "being no hard riders," dropped behind to keep the young baronet company; and a part of the discourse turned on "an old knight in the field, a crafty, perverse, rich man, in power as being of the Queen's Privy Council, a bitter enemy of the town and Puritans as rather inclined to the Popish way." At dinner, the same day, Shaftesbury was seated opposite Sir Harry Spiller, the old knight in question, who "began with all the affronts and dislikes he could put on their bailiffs or their entertainment, which enraged and discontented them the more, it being in the face of the first gentlemen of the country, and when they resolved to appear in their best colours." Here was one of the opportunities which Shaftesbury was ever ready and well qualified to seize. "When the first course was near spent, and he continued his rough railery, I thought it my duty, eating their bread, to defend their cause the best I could, which I did with so good success, not sparing the bitterest retorts I could make him, which his way in the world afforded matter for, that I had a perfect victory over him. This gained the townsmen's hearts, and their wives' to boot; I was made free of the town, and the next parliament, though absent, without a penny charge, was chosen Burgess by an unanimous vote."

The parliament for which he was thus elected was the Short Parliament, which met on the 13th April and was dissolved on the 5th May, 1640. There is no trace of his having spoken in it. The next parliament, which met on the 3rd November, 1640, was the Long Parliament. He was elected for Downton, but the validity of the return was left undecided, and he did not take his seat under it till shortly before the Restoration (Jan. 7, 1660), when the Long Parliament had sunk into contempt and derision as the "Rump." He consequently took no part in its early debates and most memorable proceedings, and was left comparatively free from the heat of civil conflict to choose his side. He became of age on the 22nd July, 1642, a month before the royal standard was set up at Nottingham; and he has entered in his Diary that "he was with the King at Nottingham and Derby, but only as a spectator, having not as yet adhered against the Parliament." Early in 1643, he had begun to play a prominent part:

"1643. Sir Anthony left the ladies, and went into Dorset to his house at St. Giles Wimborne, where he continued generally till, the Lord Mar-

quest Hertford coming in the county, he was employed for the treating with the towns of Dorchester and Weymouth to surrender, the commission being directed to him, Napper, Hele, Ogle, which they effected, and Sir Anthony was by the gentlemen of the county desired to attend the King with their desires and the state of the county."

According to Martyn, partly confirmed by Locke, he sought an interview with the King at Oxford, and offered to undertake the general pacification of the realm, if the required powers were vested in him, at which His Majesty naturally demurred, saying "You are a young man, and talk great things." According to the same authority, all Shaftesbury's plans were "spoilt by Prince Maurice, and on Cooper's complaining to the King, it is said that 'the King shook his head with some concern, but said little.'" It is further stated that, after this first grand project was broken by Prince Maurice, Cooper started another, which was that the counties should all arm and endeavour to suppress both the contending armies; and that Cooper brought most of the sober and well-intentioned gentlemen of both sides throughout England into this plan.

Most of this is pronounced by Mr. Christie to be downright falsehood; and its inherent absurdity is self-evident. To propose that the counties should all arm and endeavour to suppress both the contending armies, is very like proposing that the contending parties should combine to put down party. There is not the faintest allusion to any project of pacification, or interview with the King, in the Diary; from which we learn merely that Shaftesbury was made Governor of Weymouth and Portland by the Marquis of Hertford, and that, under a commission from the same nobleman, he raised a full regiment and a troop of horse at his own charge:—

"Some months after this, Marquess Hertford's commission was taken away, yet Sir Anthony had a continuation of all his commands under the King's own hand, and he was made high sheriff of the county of Dorset, and president of the council of war for those parts.

"Notwithstanding, he now plainly seeing the King's aim destructive to religion and the state, and though he had an assurance of the barony of Astley Castle, which had formerly belonged to that family, and that but two days before he received a letter from the King's own hand of large promises and thanks for his service, yet in February he delivered up all his commissions to Ashburnham, and privately came away to the Parliament, leaving all his estate in the King's quarters, 500*l.* a year full-stocked, two houses well furnished, to the mercy of the enemy, re-

solving to cast himself on God and to follow the dictates of a good conscience. Yet he never in the least betrayed the King's service, but while he was with him was always faithful."

Such is Shaftesbury's account of his first change of sides, which Mr. Christie sees no reason to reject or qualify, considering that other persons of importance and unquestionable integrity left the King's party about the same time for similar reasons, and that the royal cause was just then in the ascendant in the western counties. Lord Campbell is less charitable, and follows Clarendon, who attributes the change to pique. Shaftesbury, he says, having been superseded in his governorship of Weymouth and otherwise crossed or slighted by Prince Maurice, "he was thereby so much disobliged that he quitted the King's party, and gave himself up, body and soul, to the service of the Parliament, with an implacable animosity against the royal cause." It was not in Shaftesbury's nature to be lukewarm, and his zeal in every cause in which he chanced to be engaged is a sign of his good faith. Far from distrusting his assertion, that he never in the least betrayed the King's service whilst he was in it, his assailants give him credit for a chastity of honour and a scrupulous delicacy which we commend to public men in general and especially to diplomatists. When examined by the Committee of the House of Commons, before whom new converts of consequence were brought, he absolutely refused to make any discovery, either of persons or the management of affairs, whilst he was at Oxford. "In every part of his life he governed himself by this rule, that there is a general and tacit trust in conversation, whereby a man is obliged not to repeat anything to the speaker's prejudice, though no intimation may be given of a desire not to have it spoken again."*

Historians differ as to the degree of cordiality with which Shaftesbury was received by the Parliament. That he was at first regarded with some suspicion or distrust, may be inferred from the circumstance that he was unable to gain admittance to the House of Commons, and that some months, marked by active services, elapsed before he was allowed to compound by a moderate fine (500*l.*) for his

* Martyn, vol. i. p. 142. Locke's Works, vol. ix. p. 270. When examined by the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire whether certain expressions had been used by Shiel at a dinner party, Sir Francis Burdett made answer, that his memory was so peculiarly constituted as to be unable to retain the slightest impression of anything that passed or was spoken at table.

estates. But he speedily made known his value both as a political partisan and a citizen soldier; for in less than a year (August, 1644) he received a commission to command a brigade of horse and foot, with the title of Field-Marshal-General; and with this force he besieged and reduced Wareham. In the October following, being appointed Commander-in-Chief for the Parliament in Dorsetshire, he took the field with ten regiments of horse and foot, with which he stormed Abbotsbury, the fortified house of Sir John Strangways, garrisoned by a cavalier regiment, which, after a desperate defence, capitulated. An officer in this affair writes, "When by no other means we could get it, we found a way by desperately flinging fired turf-faggots into the windows, and the fight then grew so hot that our said Commander-in-Chief (who, to his perpetual renown, behaved most gallantly in this service) was forced to bring up his men within pistol-shot of the house, and could hardly get them to stay and stand the brunt." After clearing the surrounding country of royalist forces, he advanced to the relief of Taunton, where Blake was sorely pressed, and the siege was raised at his approach.

In mere wantonness of depreciation, and without the semblance of authority, Lord Campbell says that "he (Shaftesbury) wrote a flaming account of the exploit to the Parliament, taking greater credit to himself than Cromwell in his despatch announcing his victory at Dunbar." The actual report, in the shape of a letter to Lord Essex, has been printed from the Harleian MSS. by Mr. Christie, and turns out to be simple, plain, and business-like, without one boastful or turgid expression. The military commands which he subsequently held are cursorily mentioned in the Diary as unattended by results for want of men; and his military career terminated in 1645. Mr. Christie thinks that he withdrew from the army along with the rest of the Presbyterian leaders, who were driven out by the "Self-denying Ordinance" and the "New Model." Lord Campbell says captiously: "He was suddenly satisfied with his military glory, and after this brilliant campaign never again appeared in the field; whether he retired from some affront, or mere caprice, is not certainly known." Dryden's sneer at his brief military career is equally gratuitous:—

"A martial hero, first with early care
Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war,

A beardless chief, a rebel e'er a man,
So young his hatred to his Prince began."

The winds first "blew him" into the royal camp, and he was no longer beardless when he became a rebel. His Diary, from January 1, 1646, to April 10, 1650 (when it ends) is meagre in the extreme. It is studiously confined to domestic incidents and personal matters, and contains not a single comment on any of the great political events, including the royal martyrdom, that occurred in the interval. But we collect from it that he took an active part in country business, and co-operated with the authorities for the enforcement of the law of the land. After stating that he had been sworn a justice of the peace for the county of Wilts, and was in commission for oyer and terminer the whole circuit, he sets down:—

"August 11, 1646.—Sir John Danvers came and sat with us. Seven condemned to die, four for horse stealing, two for robbery, one for killing his wife; he broke her neck with his hands; it was proved that, he touching her body the day after, her nose bled afresh; four burnt in the hand, one for felony, three for manslaughter; the same sign followed one of them, of the corpse bleeding."

This, gravely set down by a man like Shaftesbury, is a remarkable proof of the strength of the popular superstition.

In January, 1652, he was named one of the Parliamentary Commissioners for the reform of the law, and an entry in the Journal, dated March 17, 1653, runs thus:—

"Resolved by the Parliament that Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, baronet, be, and is hereby, pardoned of all delinquency, and be, and is hereby, made capable of all other privileges as any other of the people of this nation are."

There is no reason for believing, with Martyn and Lord Campbell, that he had been guilty of any delinquency more recent than his (in Independent eyes) original sin in taking service with the Crown. He was one of ten members for the county of Wilts in Barebones' Parliament, and his detractors take for granted that he fell in with the humors of this strange assembly, prayed, canted, and sought the Lord with the best of them:—

"Next this — how wildly will ambition steer!
A vermin wriggling in the usurper's ear,
Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould:
Groaned, sighed, and prayed, while godliness
was gain,
The loudest bag-pipe of the squeaking train."

There is not the slightest evidence that he did anything of the kind. He regularly acted and voted with the moderate party in this assembly; but the fact of his having been a member of it was remembered against him when he became a Peer:—

“A little bobtail’d lord, urchin of state,
A praise-god Barebone peer, whom all men hate.”

The charge of wriggling in the usurper’s ear derives some semblance of plausibility from his being deputed by the House to offer Hampton Court to Cromwell, and becoming one of the fifteen members of the Council of State named in the new Constitution which established the Protectorate for life. He certainly made common cause with Cromwell against the fanatics, and, during a brief interval, had the air of trusting in and being trusted by him. If we may believe Burnet, “he (Shaftesbury) pretended that Cromwell offered to make him king. He was indeed of great use to him in withstanding the enthusiasts of that time. He was one of those who pressed him most to accept of the kingdom, because, as he said afterwards, he was sure it would ruin him.” In the closing years of his life Shaftesbury was in the habit of talking loosely and boastfully of his former doings; and, not intending to be taken literally, he may have said something of the sort to intimate the high sense Cromwell entertained of his services, or by way of mystifying Burnet, whose credulity and love of gossip were well known. It is impossible to believe that Cromwell did offer to make him king, or (for it comes to this, if he in turn wished Cromwell to be king) that the throne was bandied between them, or made the subject of an interchange of compliments, like a chair or place of precedence between two courtiers, which each presses the other to accept.

Early in 1655, Shaftesbury quietly withdrew from Cromwell’s Privy Council, and gradually came to be regarded as a decided opponent of his views. There was no open rupture or avowed cause of dissatisfaction, and conjecture has consequently been busy in imputing motives, public and private, the least creditable the better. Some will have it that Shaftesbury aspired to the Great Seal and was refused; others, that he sought the hand of the Lady Mary, the Protector’s daughter; that his addresses were declined on the ground of his dissolute morals; and that the disappointment of his ambitious love was the occasion of the breach.

Considering that the estrangement was gradual, and that there is no proof whatever of his having aspired to the lady’s hand or (at the time) to the Great Seal, the simplest explanation is the best. He was willing to go along with Cromwell to the extent of making him Chief Magistrate, or head of the Executive, under constitutional restrictions, but shrank from the creation of an uncontrolled despotism or dictatorship. His position in the Presbyterian party, to whom he owed his influence, was at stake; and he had obviously no alternative but to become one of the Protector’s creatures or to separate from him. How matters stood between them is shown by Shaftesbury’s exclusion from the Second Parliament elected under the Instrument of Government; and also by the remark attributed, on respectable authority, to Cromwell, that “there was no one he was more at a loss how to manage than that Marcus Tullius Cicero, the little man with three names.” If that little man could have been induced to name his price, the odds are that it would have been readily paid, even if he had named the Great Seal or a daughter.

Lord Campbell says that upon being refused the hand of “the musical, glib-tongued Lady Mary,” he (Shaftesbury) finally broke with Oliver, and become a partisan of the banished royal family. This is glaringly incorrect. He did not become a partisan of the royal family until after Oliver’s death, when the people, with one accord, flew from petty tyrants to the throne, and the Restoration offered the sole protection against anarchy. His public appearances during the five or six years’ interval were limited by the jealousy or hostility he had provoked. The certificate of approbation from the Council, without which no member could take his seat, was refused to more than a hundred members of the Parliament of 1656. He was one of these, and he joined with sixty-four others in signing a letter of complaint to the Speaker, which was followed up by a spirited Remonstrance to the People, denouncing whoever advised the exclusion, or who should sit and vote in the “mutilated” assembly, as capital enemies of the Commonwealth. The mutilated assembly proceeded, notwithstanding, to pass the new Constitution, entitled the Humble Petition and Advice, under which Parliament was to consist of two Houses; and Cromwell forthwith proceeded to nominate his peers. We need hardly say that Shaftesbury was not one of this favoured and speedily discredited

body, but he was allowed to sit in the House of Commons during the Session of 1658, and he played a conspicuous part in the opposition to the new Constitution and the new Lords whom the Commons refused to recognize. He was a teller on the division which led to the immediate dissolution of this Parliament, the last called by Oliver, who died in September, 1658, and was succeeded by his son Richard, whose first Parliament met in January, 1659. Shaftesbury was again a member, and an active and influential one. He delivered in it, and published at the time, a carefully prepared speech, which may be accepted as the best specimen extant of his oratory, and one of the best specimens of the oratory of the age.

The leading speakers were then earnest, plain, and practical, rather than rhetorical or declamatory. They were rarely full and flowing, rarely what is commonly called eloquent; rarely imaginative in the highest sense of the term. Their greatest effects were produced by terse, weighty sentences, apt, homely metaphors, sudden turns, quaint allusions, condensed reasoning, and bold apostrophes. They were occasionally long-winded. Hume describes Pym as opening the charge against Strafford "in a long-studied discourse, divided into many heads after his manner;" and contemptuously referring to an attempt to put the Parliamentary champions in balance with the most illustrious characters of antiquity—with Cato, Brutus, Cassius—the historian exclaims: "Compare only one circumstance and consider its consequences. The leisure of those noble antients were (*sic*) totally employed in the study of Grecian eloquence and philosophy, in the cultivation of polite letters and civilized society. The whole discourse and language of the moderns were polluted with mysterious jargon, and full of the lowest and most vulgar hypocrisy." This was partly true of Vane, Cromwell, and many others when the Saints were uppermost: during "Barebone's Parliament or in the worst days of the Rump." But it was not true of the Parliamentary celebrities of the antecedent or immediately ensuing periods—of 1628, 1640, or 1659; not true of Hampden, Holles, Digby, Capel, Hyde, Falkland, and a host of accomplished and highly-cultivated men, whose minds and memories fairly ran over with classical illustrations. Of the two principal speakers, quoted by Hume, in 1628, one, Sir Francis Seymour, refers to Herodotus, and the other, Sir Robert Philips, to Livy.

The homeliness of Strafford's illustrations, in his memorable defence, is no less remarkable than their apposite-ness:

"Where has this species of guilt (constructive treason) been so long concealed? Where has this fire been so long buried, during so many centuries that no smoke should appear, till it burst out at once, to consume me and my children. . . . If I sail on the Thames, and split my vessel on an anchor, in case there be no buoy to give warning, the party shall pay me damage; but if the anchor be marked out, then is the striking on it at my own peril. Where is the mark set upon this crime? Where is the token by which I should discover it? It has lain concealed under water, and no human prudence, or human innocence, could save me from the destruction with which I am at present threatened."

The language of the Royal Martyr bore no trace of the ambiguity or double-dealing with which he has been charged, and may be recommended, for idiomatic simplicity and force, to premiers and cabinets by whom royal speeches are composed. "You have taken the whole machine of government to pieces"—was his warning address to the Parliament of 1640—"a practice frequent with skilful artists when they desire to clear the wheels from any rust which may have grown upon them. The engine may again be restored to its former use and motions, provided it be put up entire, so as not a pin of it be wanting." In the short speech, which he delivered from the speaker's chair on the occasion of the ill-advised attempt to seize the five members, he said: "Well, since the birds are flown, I do expect that you will send them to me as soon as they return."

Shaftesbury's oratory was formed in the same school, and after the best models. As he was uniformly plain-spoken, it contradicts that theory of his character which would make him prone to dissimulation and deceit. As he left no doubt of his intentions for the time, we may conclude that he had no interest in concealing them; and he would thus present only one instance among many where honesty of purpose has coexisted with instability. There is another point of view in which his speeches throw light upon the inculpated and dubious passages of his career. Was he at any time a demagogue? How did he wield the fierce democracy, if he wielded it? Was it by boldly appealing to popular passions or by adroitly using them? Was he nearest to a Mirabeau or a Talleyrand? Macaulay, referring to the

debates on the Exclusion Bill, says: "The power of Shaftesbury over large masses was unrivalled. Halifax was disqualified by his whole character, moral and intellectual, for the part of a demagogue. It was in small circles, and, above all, in the House of Lords, that his ascendancy was felt." Dryden paints Halifax:—

"Of piercing wit and pregnant thought;
Endued by nature and by learning taught
To move assemblies."

Such was the contemporary impression of Halifax, whose oratory is utterly lost; but we nowhere read that Shaftesbury was deemed a mob orator, and, judging from the tone and style of his speeches as well as from the recorded effects of some of them, we should infer that what the brilliant historian says of his favorite is equally true of the peculiar object of his vituperation; that it was in small circles, and, above all in the House of Lords, that Shaftesbury's ascendancy was felt. He is never vehement or declamatory. He never appeals to the passions of his audience: he appeals to their reason, or to their prejudices when these have gained the strength of reason, and appeals in a manner which it requires no small degree of refinement and culture to appreciate. His sound sense, his ample stores of knowledge and observation, his dexterity, his fertility, his irony, his wit, would be lost upon a turbulent assembly as surely as his little person would be submerged in a crowd, and not a fragment of his composition has been preserved which does not bear the impress of a certain description of fastidiousness. Strange to say, these fragments manifest that very proneness to generalization which Macaulay supposes distinctive of Halifax. The speech against Cromwell's peers abounds in maxims and theories, in fine strokes of satire, and in reasonings which are sometimes almost puzzling from their subtlety:

"One of the few requests the Portuguese made to Phillip the Second, King of Spain, when he got that kingdom, as his late Highness did this, by an army, was, that he would not make nobility contemptible by advancing such to that degree whose quality or virtue could be noways thought to deserve it. Nor have we formerly been less apprehensive of such inconveniences ourselves. It was, in Richard the First's time, one of the Bishop of Ely's accusations, that castles and forts of great trust he did "obscuris et ignotis hominibus tradere"—put in the hands of obscure and unknown men. But we, Mr. Speaker, to such a kind of men are delivering up the power of our laws, and, in that, the power of all.

"After their quality, give me leave to speak a word or two of their qualifications; which certainly ought, in reason, to carry some porportion with the employment they design themselves. The House of Lords are the King's great hereditary Council; they are the highest court of judicature; they have their part in judging and determining of the reasons for making new laws and abrogating old; from amongst them we take our great officers of State; they are commonly our generals at land, and our admirals at sea. In conclusion, they are both of the essence and constitution of our old government; and have, besides, the greatest and noblest share in the administration. Now, certainly, Sir, to judge according to the dictates of reason, one would imagine some small faculties and endowments to be necessary for discharging such a calling; and those such as are not usually acquired in shops and warehouses, nor found by following the plough; and what other academies most of their lordships have been bred in but their shops, what other arts they have been versed in but those which more required good arms and good shoulders than good heads, I think we are yet to be informed. Sir, we commit not the education of our children to ignorant and illiterate masters; nay, we trust not our horses to unskilful grooms. I beseech you, let us think it belongs to us to have some care into whose hands we commit the management of the commonwealth; and if we cannot have persons of birth and fortune to be our rulers, to whose quality we would willingly submit, I beseech you, Sir, for our credit and safety's sake, let us seek men at least of parts and education, to whose abilities we may have some reason to give way. If a patient dies under a physician's hand, the law esteems that not a felony, but a misfortune, in the physician: but it has been held by some, if one who is no physician undertakes the management of a cure, and the party miscarries, the law makes the empiric a felon: and sure, in all men's opinion, the patient a fool. To conclude, Sir, for great men to govern is ordinary; for able men it is natural; knaves many times come to it by force and necessity, and fools sometimes by chance; but universal choice and election of fools and knaves for government was never yet made by any who were not themselves like those they chose."

He thus disposes of their claims on the score of services:—

"Mr. Speaker, I shall be as forward as any man to declare their services, and acknowledge them; though I might tell you that the same honour is not purchased by the blood of an enemy and of a citizen; that for victories in civil wars, till our armies marched through the city, I have not read that the conquerors have been so void of shame as to triumph. Cæsar, not much more indulgent to his country than our late Protector, did not so much as write

public letters of his victory at Pharsalia; much less had he days of thanksgiving to his gods, and anniversary feasts, for having been a prosperous rebel."

"The wit of irony (says Sydney Smith, in his Lectures) consists in the surprise excited by the discovery of that relation which exists between the apparent praise and the real blame. I shall quote a noble specimen of irony, from the 'Preface' of 'Killing no Murder.'" It would be difficult to find a better, if not nobler, specimen than a passage in the speech before us.

"But, Sir, I leave this argument; and, to be as good as my word, come to put you in mind of some of their services, and the obligations you owe them for the same. To speak nothing of one of my Lords Commissioners' valor at Bristol,* nor of another noble lord's brave adventure at the Bear-garden,† I must tell you, Sir, that most of them have had the courage to do things which I may boldly say, few other Christians durst so have adventured their souls to have attempted: they have not only subdued their enemies, but their masters that raised and maintained them; they have not only conquered Scotland and Ireland, but rebellious England too, and there suppressed a malignant party of magistrates and laws; and that nothing should be wanting to make them indeed complete conquerors, without the help of philosophy they have even conquered themselves. All shame they have subdued as perfectly as all justice; the oaths they have taken they have as easily digested as their old General could himself; public covenants and engagements they have trampled under foot. In conclusion, so entire a victory they have over themselves, that their consciences are as much their servants, Mr. Speaker, as we are. But give me leave to conclude with that which is more admirable than all this, and shows the confidence they have of themselves and us: after having many times trampled on the authority of the House of Commons, and no less than five times dissolved them, they hope, for those good services to the House of Commons, to be made a House of Lords."

Shaftesbury played an active and influential part in the plots, councils, and machinations which led to the Restoration; but there is no ground for the accusation of rashness or undue zeal levelled at him by M. Guizot, who says that, "accused, with good reason, of complicity in the insurrection (Booth's), Sir Anthony Cooper, on the report of Nevil, was de-

clared innocent." The only evidence against him was that of a boy, who stated that he had carried a letter from him to Booth. A fragment of his biography contains a detailed account of the manner in which Monk was with difficulty induced to take a decided course principally under the persuasion or compulsion of his wife, a strong-minded and high-spirited woman, who deserves to be placed alongside of Lady Fairfax and Mrs. Hutchinson in the female Valhalla, when there is one. It is traditionally related that, as Shaftesbury was returning from the City after an attempt to bring about a concert with Monk, the mob surrounded the carriage, crying out, "Down with the Rump." He put his head out at the window, and exclaimed: "What, gentlemen, not one good piece in a rump?" The joke told, and he was loudly cheered as he passed on.

During the next twelve or thirteen years his chosen field of ambition was the Court, and his freshly-revived loyalty seemed fixed. He was one of the twelve Commissioners deputed by the Commons to meet the restored monarch, and one of the small batch of Privy Councillors named during the two days' halt at Canterbury. He was also an acting member of the tribunal specially appointed for the trial, which meant condemnation, of the regicides; for which politic compliancy Mrs. Hutchinson brands him as a "vile traitor," on the strength of his pledge to her husband that, "if the King was brought back, not a hair of any man's head, nor a penny of any man's estate, should be touched for what had passed." The most Mr. Christie can urge in mitigation is, that Monk gave a similar pledge to Ludlow, saying that, "if he suffered such a thing, he should be the arrantest rogue alive;" and that Monk was also one of the judges. Shaftesbury spoke repeatedly in the Convention Parliament, and it was he who moved the adjournment of a debate on religion, which lasted till ten at night, when the House (as recorded in the "Parliamentary History") "sat an hour in the dark before candles were suffered to be brought in, and they were twice blown out, but the third time they were preserved, though with great disorder." He was raised to the Upper House in April, 1661, as Baron Ashley, of Wimborne St. Giles, by a Patent, reciting that "at length by his counsels, in concert with our beloved and faithful George Monk, knight, &c., &c., he did a service worthy to be remembered, and most grateful to us, in the great business of restoring us to our

* Flennes, condemned to death by a court-martial for cowardice.

† Colonel Pride, who endeavoured to suppress bear-baiting by a wholesale slaughter of bears.

kingdom, and delivering his country from the bitter servitude under which it so long groaned."

According to modern notions, his removal from the Lower House was a strange preliminary to his next appointment, that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which he received on the 13th of May, 1661, and held till November, 1672, when he was made Lord Chancellor. All contemporary accounts agree that he could be an excellent man of business when it suited him. Pepys entered in his Diary for May, 1663, "I find my Lord, as he is reported, a very ready, quiet, and diligent person." According to Lord Campbell, "his conduct after the Restoration for the next seven years seems wholly inexplicable, for he remained quite regular, and seemingly contented. He had a little excitement by sitting as a Judge on the trial of the regicides, and joining in the sentence on some of his old associates. These trials being over, he seemed to sink down into a Treasury drudge." The regularity was on the surface, the contentment was in mere outward seeming, and he had as much excitement as he could reasonably desire; for he was unceasingly struggling to attain a paramount position in the royal counsels, and uniformly regarded the place he held for the nonce as a stepping-stone to a higher. The rival whom he was most anxious to supersede or distance was Clarendon. The Comte de Comminges, the French Ambassador, wrote April 9, 1663:—

"Lord Ashley, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was formerly of Cromwell's Council, and who in my opinion is the only man who can be set against Clarendon for talent and firmness, does not shrink from speaking his opinions of Clarendon with freedom, and contradicting him to his face."

Ruvigny, who succeeded Comminges, writes, in 1664, that Shaftesbury was united with Lauderdale and others, "who spare no pains to ruin Clarendon in the free convivial entertainments, which are of daily occurrence;" adding, "they do not scruple to speak of him with freedom in the presence of the King, who has had his own *mot*, like the rest, in the excitement of conviviality, thus giving free scope to all his guests." These free convivial entertainments commonly took place in Lady Castlemaine's apartments, from which Clarendon studiously absented himself, leaving (like Sir Peter Teazle) his character behind him. The circle was collected with the sole view to pleasure,

and constraint of every sort was laid aside:—

"The song from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgy and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty and the flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamblers, knaves, and lords
combine,
Each to his humour — Comus all allows,
Champagne, dice, music, or your neighbour's
spouse."

Shaftesbury was a frequent guest at these entertainments, and was bidden to them as a congenial spirit. Pepys describes him as "a man of great business, and yet of pleasure and drolling too." It does not much help the matter to suppose with Mr. Christie that, temperate by nature and habit, he affected licentiousness from policy, or to accept as the true theory of his conduct, that (in the words of a contemporary pamphleteer) "he accompanies, and carouses, and contracts intimacy and unity with the lowliest debauchees in all the nation that he thinks will anyways help to forward his private intrigues." This would be the reverse of ordinary hypocrisy: it would be virtue paying homage to vice. If he acted thus, if he was *le fanfaron des vices dont il n'était pas capable*, he certainly played his part in a way to impose on a tolerably discerning judge of immorality, the King, who is reported to have said to him, "Shaftesbury, you are the wickedest dog in England:" to which he replied, with a bow: "Of a subject, Sir, I believe I am." The currency of this story in any version (and there is more than one) is enough.*

The unbecoming levity of Charles in suffering the honestest and most trustworthy of his counsellors to be made a constant subject of ridicule in such society, is aggravated by the family tie formed by the marriage of Anne Hyde to the Duke of York. A story strikingly illustrative of Shaftesbury's penetration is told by Locke in connection with this event. "Soon after the Restoration, he and the Earl of Southampton were dining with the Earl of Clarendon; the Lady Anne Hyde, who had been recently privately married

* Lord Campbell's version is, "the most profligate man in my dominions." The story is told by Lord Chesterfield not (as Mr. Christie states) with the words "the greatest rogue in England," but with an expression which modern manners have proscribed. ("Lord Chesterfield's Letters," Lord Mahon's (Stanhope's) edition, vol. II. 331.) Lord Chesterfield introduces the story by stating that Shaftesbury, when Lord Chancellor, kept a mistress, whom he never visited, for conformity's sake. This circumstance is alluded to in the Preface to "Venice Preserved:" Antonio being intended for Shaftesbury.

to the Duke of York, was present. As Shaftesbury and Southampton were returning home together, the former remarked, 'Yonder Mrs. Anne Hyde is certainly married to one of the brothers.' Southampton, who was a confidential friend of the chancellor, but who was quite ignorant of the marriage, thought the idea absurd, and asked him how so wild a fancy could get into his head. 'Assure yourself,' replied Shaftesbury, 'it is so; a concealed respect, however suppressed, showed itself so plainly in the looks, voice, and manner, wherewith her mother carved to her or offered of every dish, that it is impossible but it must be so.'

Clarendon's fall was precipitated by the course of events, by the national disasters for which he was held answerable as ostensible head of the administration, whether he was the real cause of them or not. No one enemy or rival can be fairly called the prime mover of his fall, and Shaftesbury was merely one of several who prepared the way for it, and exulted in it, as the removal of a formidable obstruction from his path. It is also true that, of the famous Cabal, two only, Clifford and Arlington, were privy to the secret treaty of Dover: that, unscrupulous as Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale were, the royal pledge to make public profession of the Catholic religion was studiously withheld from them. But one of their worst acts was the shutting up of the Exchequer; and as Shaftesbury was Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time, was an assenting party to the measure, and defended it in his place in Parliament, it matters little, so far as his reputation for public principle or honesty is concerned, whether he originated it or not. To say that Clifford originated it, that Clifford was Lord Treasurer, and that he (Shaftesbury) protested against it as both impolitic and unjust, rather aggravates than mitigates his complicity. Besides why, directly afterwards, was the Lord Treasurer's staff pressed upon him? — why was he made Lord Chancellor and an Earl? Mr. Christie is fain to admit that these dignities were crowning signs of a greatness which had been growing since Shaftesbury was taken into the King's councils to support a French alliance against Holland. "The public did not know, as *Shaftesbury did not know himself*, that the king was making use of his energy, abilities, and influence for the furtherance of a design known only to some half-dozen in England, for re-establishing the Roman Catholic religion with the aid of French money and troops."

Shaftesbury's proverbial sagacity must have been unaccountably at fault, if he had not all along a shrewd suspicion of the truth; and his subsequent conduct proves that he was ready to go as far as he could with safety to gain and retain power, foreseeing, to a nicety, where public endurance would give way.

His want of professional training was not considered a material objection to his acceptance of the Great Seal, for which Lord Orrery had been a favoured nominee no further back than on the dismissal of Clarendon in 1667. "For my calling into this high office," said Archbishop Williams, made Lord Keeper in 1621, "it was as most here present cannot but know, not the cause, but the effect, of a resolution in the State to change or reduce the Governor of this Court from a professor of our municipal laws to some one of the nobility, gentry, or clergy of this kingdom." The intervening period had been unfavourable to the formal administration of the law, and the highest court of equity was still, what its name and origin import, a tribunal in which sense and reason were comparatively untrammelled by technicalities, and a wide discretion might be exercised by the judge.

The extent to which a man's conduct, bearing, or demeanour may be made the subject of what Bacon calls a prejudicate opinion, is shown by the various interpretations put upon Shaftesbury's choice of an official dress. "For he sat upon the bench in an ash-coloured gown, silver-laced, and full-ribbed pantaloons, displayed without any black at all in his garb, unless it were his hat, which, now I cannot say positively, though I saw him, was so." This scrupulous witness, Roger North, thinks it a proof of his little regard to decency and morality, "that he did not concern himself to use a decent habit, as became a judge of his station;" adding that "he appeared more like a University nobleman than a High Chancellor of England." Lord Campbell misquotes this into a "more like a rakish young nobleman at the University," and says that, "to show his contempt for all who had gone before him, as well as his contemporaries, he would not be habited like his predecessors." Lord Chancellor Cowper explained Shaftesbury's coloured gown by the fact that he was not a barrister; and Mr. Christie sees reason to believe that it was deliberately chosen by him on that account. Another so-called freak of his has proved an apple of discord to the biographers. It can

hardly be described better than in the words of Roger North:

"His Lordship had an early fancy, or rather freak, the first day of term (when all the officers of the law, King's Counsel, and Judges, used to wait upon the Great Seal to Westminster Hall), to make this procession on horseback, as in old time the way was, when coaches were not so rife. And accordingly, the Judges, &c. were spoken to, to get horses, as they and all the rest did, by borrowing and hiring, and so equipped themselves with black foot-clothes in the best manner they could. And divers of the nobility, as usual in compliment and honour to the new Lord Chancellor, attended also in their equipments. Upon notice in town of this cavalcade, all the show company took their places at windows and balconies, with the foot-guard in the streets, to partake of the fine sight, and being once settled for the march, it moved, as the design was, stately along. But when they came to straights and interruptions, *for want of gravity in the beasts, and too much in the riders*, there happened some curvetting, which made no little disorder. Judge Twisden, to his great affright, and the consternation of his grave brethren, was laid along in the dirt. But all at length arrived safe without the loss of life or limb in the service. This accident was enough to divert the like frolic for the future, and the very next term after, they fell to their coaches, as before."

Now for the comment or moral.—

"I do not mention this as any way evil in itself, but only as a levity and an ill-judged action, for so it appeared to be, in respect to the perpetual flux of solemn customs and forms, that will happen in the succession of ages, not reducible back to antiquity, nor needing so to be, which makes usages that are most fitting in one time, appear ridiculous in another. As here the setting grave men, used only to coaches, upon the menage on horseback, only for the vanity of shew, to make men wonder, and children sport, with hazard to most, mischief to some, and terror to all, was very imprudent, and must end as it did, *en ridicule*."

Lord Campbell insists that the object of the equestrian procession was to show off the horsemanship of the Lord Chancellor, an ex-colonel of cavalry, and spite some of the old judges who he had heard had been sneering at his decisions. "Coaches had for many years become so common that the ancient custom of riding on horseback to open the Term had been laid aside, though they (the judges) still continued to ride the circuit on sober pads." If this were so, one does not exactly see why they could not sit their sober pads on a slow procession to Westminster Hall. The tradition is that Mr. Justice Twisden came to grief from an

encounter with a brewer's dray at Charing Cross, and, on being picked up, swore *in furore* that no Lord Chancellor should ever make him trust himself on a fourfooted animal again.* Moreover, Lord Campbell has antedated the general use of carriages. John Aubrey, writing of Dr. Harvey, some years later (1680), says: "He rode on horseback, with a footcloth, to visit his patients, his man following on foot, as the fashion then was, which was very decent, now quite discontinued. The judges rode also with these footcloths to Westminster Hall, which ended at the death of Sir Robert Hyde, Lord Chief Justice. Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury, would have revived it, but several of the Judges, being old and ill horsemen, would not agree to it." Mr. Christie adds that Chief Justice Hyde died in May, 1663; so that the custom revived by Shaftesbury had not been disused for more than ten years.

Lord Campbell admits that Shaftesbury never took bribes, would not listen to private solicitations in favour of litigants, and never had more than one political case before him (the Injunction Case) in which he came eventually to a right conclusion. "But, except being free from gross corruption, he was the worst judge that ever sat in the court. This was inevitable; for he might as well have tried to sustain a principal part in an opera without having learned the first rudiments of music." That, like many of his predecessors and successors, he was deficient in technical knowledge, was no reason why he should be worse than the rest, than Hatton or Williams, for example, who knew nothing of the practice of the court when they came to it. Roger North says that after he (Shaftesbury) was possessed of the Great Seal, he was in appearance "the gloriouslest man" alive. As for the Chancery, "he would teach the bar that a man of sense was above all their forms. . . . He swaggered and vapoured what asses he would make of all the council at the bar; but the month of March, as they say, 'In like a lion, and out like a lamb.'" Their alleged mode of taming was this: "They soon found his humour, and let him have

* Dunning had reason to make a similar vow. When Solicitor-General, he accompanied Colonel Barré to Berlin in the days of Frederic the Great, who invited them to a review, and, misled by the official title of Dunning, sent two spirited chargers for the use of the General and Colonel. In an evil hour, Dunning (like Nicol Jarvie) clomb to the saddle, and by the aid of the pommel, stuck to it till the firing began, when his steed, getting frisky, pitched him head over heels amongst the staff, not a little to their and their great king's amusement, which was enhanced by the discovery of the mistake.

his caprice, and after, upon notice, induced him to discharge his orders, and thereupon, having the advantage, upon the opening, to be heard at large, they showed him his face, and that what he did was against common justice and sense. And this speculation of his own ignorance and presumption coming to be laid before him every motion-day, did so intricate and embarrass his understanding, that, in a short time, like any haggard hawk that is not let sleep, he was entirely reclaimed."

The utter falsehood of this account may be demonstrated by undeniable facts. Shaftesbury received the Great Seal on the 17th November, 1672; he took his seat in the Court of Chancery on the 18th; and the minutes in the Registrar's office show that he never sate without assessors. He had the Master of the Rolls and Mr. Baron Windham with him the first day, and either the Master of the Rolls or a Common Law judge, and Masters in Chancery, every other day till the end of the Term. He might have sate alone had he thought fit. Did he invite these learned personages to sit with him to witness his mode of trampling upon their forms?

"It is remarkable (observes Hume) that this man whose principles and conduct were in all other respects so exceptionable, proved an excellent Chancellor, and that all his decrees, whilst he possessed that eminent office, were equally remarkable for justness and integrity." Quoting only the first half of this commendation, Lord Campbell adds, "and all the historians of the eighteenth century, reading Dryden or copying each other, write to the same effect." Such is the learned lord's method of accounting for the unanimous acceptance by successive ages of the very worst chancellor as an excellent one. Dryden's praise of Shaftesbury's judicial character is imbedded in his bitterest satire.

"Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch and easy of access."

Lord Campbell objects that, had Dryden been sincere, his testimony ought not to have much weight, for he was probably never in a court of justice in his life; "and though the first of English writers, in polite literature, he could not have formed a very correct opinion as to the propriety of an order or decree in Equity." This argument would disqualify any writer, not
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a practising lawyer, from ever embodying the public estimate of a judicial worthy — a Hardwicke, a Mansfield, an Eldon, or a Lyndhurst — in poetry or prose. But, it is urged, the panegyric was purchased. The lines did not appear in the first edition of the poem; they were added in the second, out of gratitude for a nomination to the Charter House given to the poet for his son in the intervening period by the Lord Chancellor. This story was first told by Dr. Kippis, who adds that "when King Charles II. read these (the added) lines, he told Dryden that he had spoiled by them all which he had before said of Shaftesbury." Examples of such alterations may be found in literary history. The first manuscript copy of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" contained these two lines amongst others on rhyming lords: —

"On one alone, the muse still deigns to smile,
And hails a new Roscommon in Carlisle."

Before the poem was published, the noble poet took offence at Lord Carlisle's real or supposed neglect and substituted the couplet: —

"No muse will cheer with renovating smile,
The paralytic puling of Carlisle."

Poets are as susceptible as well as irritable race, and Dryden might have done from gratitude what Byron did from spite. He is known to have omitted in the reprints of the "Spanish Friar" some passages which had given offence to the Duke of York. But he left the rest of his immortal diatribe against Achitophel without one softening epithet, and followed it up by a (if possible) still bitterer attack in "The Medal." The date of young Dryden's admission to the Charter House on the King's (not Shaftesbury's) nomination happens to be subsequent to the appearance of the corrected edition of the poem; and, all things considered, we incline to Sir Walter Scott's theory of the correction: namely, that there must be an appearance of candour on the part of the poet, and just so much merit allowed, even to the object of his censure, as to make his picture natural: that Dryden considered the portrait of Shaftesbury deficient in this respect, and added the laudatory lines with a view to effect. Besides, the recognition of Shaftesbury's judicial merit was not altogether an afterthought. The first edition of the poem contained these lines: —

"Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,

Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song!"

With regard to Charles II.'s criticism, it must be remembered that, shortly before Shaftesbury broke with the Court, his Majesty asseverated, with his favorite oath, that his Lord Chancellor knew more law than all his judges, and more divinity than all his bishops. The royal praise may serve to counterbalance the royal censure; but both were valueless. Shaftesbury had full credit for law and divinity only so long as he was ready to aid in superseding law by prerogative and divinity by papal infallibility.

At the opening of the first Session after he reached the Great Seal, his devotion to the King's wishes was exuberant and unrestrained. He attacked Holland, exclaiming, "*Delenda est Carthago*;" he justified the shutting up of the Exchequer, and he sneered at the Triple Alliance. His speech was preceded by a scene which might well have ruffled his nerves, if it did not check the effusion of his loyalty. It had been settled at the Restoration that the King's brothers should occupy seats on the left of the throne, the seat on the right being reserved for the Prince of Wales. Some years afterwards (as the incident is related by Martyn), "upon the queen's apparent barrenness, the Duke of York being looked on as the certain successor to the crown, and his power increasing at court, he took the chair on the right-hand of the throne. Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury, the first day he sat as speaker, resolved to replace the Duke in his proper seat. He informed him that he was in the wrong chair, and that his place was on the other side of the throne, as only heir presumptive. The Duke being unwilling to quit his seat, Lord Shaftesbury told him that he could not proceed upon business till the house was in form. At length the Duke was obliged to submit, but said, in a passion, "My lord, you are a rascal and a villain." He, with great composure, immediately replied, "I am much obliged to your royal highness for not calling me likewise a coward and a papist."

Shaftesbury speedily repented of his speech on the opening of the Session, and apologised for it on the untenable ground that he spoke it as the mouthpiece of the Cabinet or Cabal. That he was not their mouthpiece was proved, within a few days, by his speech in answer to Clifford, the Lord Treasurer, in a debate on the Declaration of Indulgence, or (according to

Echard) "a project for establishing a perpetual fund to free the King from his dependence on Parliament." Before Shaftesbury had done speaking, the Duke of York whispered the King, who was standing at the fire, "What a rogue you have for a Lord Chancellor." The King replied, "Cods-fish, what a fool have you for a Lord Treasurer." Clifford, a bigoted Catholic, went heart and hand with the Duke: and one of Shaftesbury's objects in supporting the Test Act, including the declaration against Transubstantiation, was to displace, on the chance of replacing, the Lord Treasurer. On Clifford's resignation the coveted staff was given to Osborne, afterwards Earl of Danby: and Shaftesbury saw that his power, instead of being on the increase, was on the wane. Although he did not at once break with the Court, he seems to have scented the Popish Plot and the great Exclusion battles from afar; for, affecting to think his life in danger from the Papists, he turned his house into a garrison all the summer; and, when Parliament met for the autumn Session of 1673, he stirred up a formidable opposition in the Commons to the projected marriage of the Duke with Mary of Modena. The cup of his transgressions was now full to overflowing, and the King shared the distrust of the Popish junto headed by the Duke. It was after supper at the Duchess of Portsmouth's, when the King had drunk freely, that they pressed him to dissolve Parliament. They so far succeeded that he sent the next morning for Shaftesbury, and, taking him into the closet, after some immaterial conversation, asked him if he had brought his robes, as the instant prorogation of Parliament had been resolved upon. Shaftesbury interpreted this resolution as involving his own dismissal, and ended a manly remonstrance with these words: "But, sir, you may fancy what you please of the Romish religion, I shall leave this as a maxim with you: if you eat sage and butter in the morning, and govern well, it will make you more healthy and happy here, and bring you to heaven much sooner, than Popery or the exorcisms of its priests."

The prorogation took place and Shaftesbury was required to give up the Great Seal to the Attorney-General, Finch; the next morning but one, Sunday, November 9th, being fixed for the purpose. According to Martyn and Stringer, who are followed by Lord Campbell and doubted by Mr. Christie, as soon as he (Shaftesbury) arrived at Whitehall, he presently attended the King in the closet, while the

prevailing party waited in triumph to see him return without the purse. Being alone with the King, he said, "*Sir, I know you intend to give the Seals to the Attorney-General, but I am sure your Majesty never designed to dismiss me with contempt.*" The King, always good-humoured, replied, "*Cods-fish, my Lord, I will not do it with any circumstance as may look like an affront.*" "*Then, sir,*" said the Earl, "*I desire your Majesty will permit me to carry the Seals before you to Chapel, and send for them afterwards to my own house.*" To this his Majesty readily assenting, Shaftesbury entertained him with conversation, purposely to tease the courtiers and his successor, who, he knew, were upon the rack for fear he should prevail upon the King to change his mind. "The King and the Chancellor came out of the closet talking together and smiling as they went to the chapel, which was so contrary to the expectations of those who were present, that some went immediately and told the Duke of York that all their measures were broken."

After sermon, Shaftesbury carried the Great Seal home with him; and in the course of the afternoon his brother-in-law, Mr. Secretary Coventry, came for it, and is reported to have said: "My Lord, you are happy; you are out of danger, and all safe; but we shall all be ruined and undone; I desired to be excused from this office, but, being your relation and friend, they put it as an affront on me." Shaftesbury replied, with alacrity, "It is only laying down my gown and putting on my sword." Martyn adds, that he immediately sent for his sword—thus most prosaically converting a metaphorical form of expression into a fact.*

It is clear, from one of Colbert's letters, than an attempt was made to induce Shaftesbury to resume office, backed by a covert bribe of ten thousand guineas from France. "But now," to adopt the keen and quaint expressions of Roger North, "our noble Earl and mighty statesman having, as it seems, missed his aim at Court, takes over to the country party (as it was called) openly. And from thenceforward we find the party itself at work upon a new foot. There was no more depending on the King, as formerly, to make him destroy himself the shortest way, since he showed a dexterity to save him-

self at any time, by a short turn, as if he had learnt the art of his great High Chancellor."

The City was the principal scene of Shaftesbury's machinations, and he announced an intention of taking a house there for fear of having his throat cut by the Papists if he ventured to sleep west of Temple Bar. The King, forgetting that he had not yet assimilated the English monarchy to the French, sent a message forbidding him, at his peril, to carry out the intention, and intimating that he would do well to go down to the country as soon as the weather would permit. Amongst other aggressive measures against the Court, he carried addresses for a public fast to implore the protection of the Almighty for the preservation of Church and State against Popish recusants, for the removal from office of all counsellors Popishly affected, and specifically for the dismissal of the Dukes of Lauderdale and Buckingham, his former colleagues in the Cabinet. This was in the spring session of 1674. In the spring session of 1675 he was joined by the Duke of Buckingham, who had quarrelled with Charles, and the worthy couple worked the "No Popery" cry in concert. The Court party retaliated by the introduction of an Act, called "Danby's Test Act," requiring from all persons in office or Parliament a declaration in favour of passive obedience, with an oath "never to endeavour the alteration of the government in Church or State." This monstrous measure would have become law but for Shaftesbury's opposition. "Heading a small party in the Lords, and with a decided majority against him in the Commons, by his skilful management he defeated the Court, and saved the country." Such is the enforced admission of Lord Campbell.

When the Government, hard pressed, proposed that the oath should be merely not to alter the Protestant religion, he asked, Where are the boundaries, or how much is meant by the Protestant religion? "Thereupon the Lord Keeper Finch exclaimed, "Tell it not in Gath, nor publish it in the streets of Ascalon, that a Peer of so great parts and eminence as my noble and learned friend, a member of the Church of England, and the champion of the Reformation, should confess that he does not know what is meant by the Protestant religion!" This (says Stringer) was seconded with great pleasantness by divers of the Lords the Bishops. "The Bishop of Winchester and some others

* "Shaftesbury was ordered to deliver up the Great Seal, and instantly carried over his front of brass and tongue of poison to the ranks of the Opposition." (*Macaulay*.) Why tongue of poison? The expression is singularly inappropriate and unjust.

of them were pleased to condescend to instruct that Lord that the Protestant religion was comprehended in thirty-nine Articles, the Liturgy, the Catechism, the Homilies, and the Canons." Then Shaftesbury rose again, as if for the express purpose of justifying the remark of Charles, that he knew more divinity than all the Bishops put together; so learnedly did he expatiate on the fallibility of such tests and the difficulty of extracting a clear, well-defined rule of faith from any of them. Standing near the Bishops' bench, he overheard one of them, jealous probably of his encroachments on their peculiar field, remark to another, "I wonder when he will have done preaching." He immediately turned round, "When I am made a Bishop, my Lord," and proceeded with his speech.

This was not the only occasion on which he came into conflict with the Bishops. Speaking on a question of privilege and defending the purity of the judicial decisions of the House of Lords in spite of notorious attempts to corrupt them, he said: "Pray, my Lords, forgive me if, on this occasion, I put you in mind of committee dinners, and the scandal of it; as also, those droves of ladies that attend all causes. It was come to that pass, that men hired, or borrowed of their friends, handsome sisters or handsome daughters to deliver their petitions; but yet for all this, I must say that your judgments have been sacred, unless in one or two causes, and those we owe most to that Bench from whence we now apprehend the most danger."*

Like O'Connell, Shaftesbury was vain of and renowned for his skill in defying authority without infringing the letter of the law, and, like O'Connell, he got caught by trusting too much to his dexterity. On the meeting of Parliament, which had been prorogued for a year and three months, in February, 1677, he and his party contended that so prolonged a prorogation was tantamount to a dissolution, and that there was no lawful Parliament in existence. Their arguments were treated as an insult and contempt, and after a debate of five hours the House of Lords

resolved that Shaftesbury, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Wharton should retract and apologize, or be committed to the Tower. They were committed; and Shaftesbury, refusing to concur with the other three who made the required submission after a few months, remained a full twelvemonth in the Tower, namely, till February, 1678, when, after aggravating his offence by applying for a Habeas Corpus, he obtained his liberty by the mortifying ceremony of begging pardon of the House of Lords and the King (Lord Campbell says) on his knees. Lowered and humiliated as he must have been by this episode, it is clear, from a document printed by Mr. Christie, that it was the Duke of York who made overtures to him, not he who made overtures to the Duke, in 1678; and before Parliament met in the October of that year, he was himself again: the Popish plot had given him the golden opportunity he panted for:

"Now manifest of crimes contrived long since
He stood at bold defiance with his Prince,
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.

The wished occasion of the Plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes;
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite."

If Shaftesbury did nothing worse than prove the king himself a Jebusite (a Roman Catholic), which he notoriously was, the plot would have left no stain on his memory. But although neither its inventor nor the suborner of Oates, he certainly lent his sanction to its absurdities; nor is it wholly without warrant that Lord Campbell accuses him of suggesting to the Londoners to prepare for the defence of the city as if a foreign enemy were at their gates, and prompting Sir Thomas Player, the Chamberlain, with the noted saying that, "were it not for these precautions, all the Protestant citizens might rise next morning with their throats cut."* There was also real danger from the secret compact with Louis:—

"Some truth there was, but dashed and
brewed with lies
To please the fools and puzzle all the wise:

* This was rivalled or outdone by Sir Boyle Roche in the Irish House of Commons, when he said that, if the rebels of 1798 had their way, a guillotine would be set up in College green, and "our heads will be thrown upon that table to stare us in the face."

* During the debate upon the same question in the House of Commons, some ladies were in the gallery peeping over the gentlemen's shoulders. The Speaker spying them called out, "What borough do those ladies serve for?" To which Mr. William Coventry replied, "They serve for the Speaker's chamber." Sir Thomas Littleton suggested that the Speaker should suppose they were gentlemen with fine sleeves dressed like ladies. "Yes; but I am sure I saw petticoats," rejoined the Speaker.—*Grey.*

Succeeding times did equal folly call
Believing nothing or believing all."

The manner in which Macaulay endeavours to clear Russell and Sidney is characteristic of the great champion of the Whigs. "The leaders of the country party encouraged the prevailing delusion. The most respectable among them, indeed, were themselves so far deluded as to believe the greater part of the evidence of the plot to be true. Such men as Shaftesbury and Buckingham doubtless perceived that the whole was a romance. But it was a romance that served their turn; and to their seared consciences, the death of an innocent man gave no more uneasiness than the death of a partridge." The mere death of an innocent man brought about by this romance was not enough for the most respectable of the respectables, Lord Russell, who denied the king's power to remit the hanging and quartering; and thus, when the tables were turned, was met by the vindictive and terrible retort of Charles: "My lord Russell shall find that I am possessed of that prerogative which, in the case of Lord Strafford, he thought fit to deny me."

If faction had seared Shaftesbury's conscience, there are no signs at any time of its having hardened his heart: an impulsive is seldom a cruel nature; and his aims were uniformly high. The two most important measures of the period were his handiwork — the Roman Catholic Disqualification Act, repealed in 1829; and the Habeas Corpus Act, which the soundest political thinkers at home and abroad still look upon as the keystone of British liberty.* Results are frequently in an inverse ratio to efforts and displays. The permanent traces of the fiercest faction fight recorded in the annals of party, must be sought rather in our political vocabulary than in the Statute Book. The year 1680, says Hume, is remarkable for being the epoch of the well known epithets of "Whig" and "Tory;" "and in that same year," adds Macaulay, "our tongue was enriched with two words, 'Mob' and 'Sham,' remarkable memorials of a season of tumult and imposture." The great "Exclusion" battle led to no legislative action, and little remains of the decisive

debate in the Lords beyond a dim and confused image or tradition of a fierce and sustained conflict, in which Shaftesbury and Halifax figure as leaders of the opposing hosts, not unequally matched in weapons, cunning of fence or strategy. The victory rested with Halifax. "He was animated as well by the greatness of the occasion as by a rivalry to his uncle Shaftesbury; whom, during that day's debate, he seemed, in the judgment of all, to have totally eclipsed. The king was present during the whole debate, which was prolonged till eleven at night."* This was on the 15th November, 1680. In a letter, first brought to light by Mr. Christie, Barillon describes a scene on the 20th, from which it appears that Shaftesbury was by no means dispirited by his defeat. The subject was a Bill brought in by him to dissolve the king's marriage with Catherine of Portugal, on the ground of her barrenness:

"One of the peers represented that the remedy of divorce was very uncertain, it not being sure that the King would have children by another wife. Upon this Lord Shaftesbury rose, and, pointing to the King, who is almost always by the fireplace, said: 'Can it be doubted from the King's mien that he is in a condition to have children? He is not more than fifty. I know people who are more than sixty, and do not despair of progeny.' All the House burst out laughing, and the King laughed with the rest.

"Lord Clarendon gave occasion for another great ridicule, saying — to contest what had been alleged of the barrenness of the Queen — that he knew her to be like other women; that she had been *enceinte*, and given premature birth to a child bigger than a rabbit. The King remarked, laughingly, to those near, 'I am not overpleased to find Lord Clarendon so well informed of everything relating to my wife.'

"The Bishop of Rochester said that a marriage with a barren woman was null by all laws; and that if a man bought a horse for his breeding-stud, and a mule were given him instead, he was not bound to pay the price."

Want of space prevents us from reverting to Shaftesbury's brief Presidency of the Council formed by the advice of Temple. The rejection of the Exclusion Bill was the crisis or turning-point of his fortunes — *ex illo retro fluere et sublapsa referri*: the tide of his popularity was so evidently on the ebb that the court took the strong step of arresting him on a charge

* Burnet's strange story, that the Habeas Corpus Act was practically carried in the Lords by the counting of a very fat peer for ten, is partially confirmed by Mr. Christie, who has ascertained, from a manuscript Journal of the Lords, that the recorded number of votes on the decisive division exceeded by five the total number actually present on that day.

* Hume. Both Halifax and Sunderland were nephews-in-law of Shaftesbury. Sunderland acted with him on this occasion.

of high treason and committing him to the Tower. On his arrival there, one of the Popish lords, whom he had been instrumental in incarcerating, affecting surprise at finding him among them, he coolly observed that he had been lately ill with an ague, and was come to take some *Jesuit's powder*. The finding of an indictment was an indispensable step, and the London Grand Jury, summoned by friendly sheriffs, threw out the bill. When the word *Ignoramus* was read aloud by the officer, a prolonged shout arose in and about the Court, and before it had well died away the whole city was in a blaze with bonfires and illuminations. The bearer of the good news to the prisoner found him playing a game of piquet, which he calmly continued, with his Countess—a got up scene, his maligners suggest, like that of Richard III. with the bishops and the Prayer-Book on receiving the offer of the Crown. When the unusual clamour was explained to Charles, he quietly remarked, "It is a hard case that I am the last man to have law and justice in the whole nation." It was all the harder, because the Court party, aided by venal lawyers and a corrupt press, had done their best to poison law and justice at their source. The pamphleteer, the preacher, and the poet strove emulously to prejudice the public from whence the jurors were to be taken: the bad pre-eminence was won by the highest genius, and the pride and pleasure with which we read one of the finest poems in our tongue are dashed by reflecting on the nature of its inspiration and its aim. "Absalom and Achitophel" were published on the 17th November, 1681, just one week before the bill of indictment was preferred at the old Bailey; and if not (like "The Medal") planned and paid for by the King, it was undeniably composed to curry favour with the Court.*

Macaulay thinks that the reader will at once perceive a considerable difference between Butler's

"Politician

With more heads than a beast in vision."

and the Achitophel of Dryden; and he contrasts the lines in which Butler dwells

on Shaftesbury's skill in anticipating changes and providing for his own safety with the lines in which Dryden gives prominence to "his violent passion, implacable revenge, and boldness amounting to temerity:"—

"A daring pilot in extremity

Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,

He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit."

"The dates of the two poems will," he suggests, "explain this discrepancy: the third part of "Hudibras" having appeared in 1678, when the character of Shaftesbury had as yet been imperfectly developed." Whatever the difference in the mode of treatment, there is no discrepancy. The lines immediately preceding those which Macaulay quotes from "Hudibras" run thus:—

"So little did he understand

The desperate feats he took in hand,
For when h'had got himself a name
For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game.
Had forced his neck into a noose
To show his play at Fast and Loose,
And when he chanc'd t'escape, mistook
For art and subtlety, his luck."

Both poets proved right in this their common estimate of his over-daring confidence. Irretrievably committed against the Court, he saw no hope of safety except in a change of government to be brought about by an insurrectionary movement, which should prevent the Duke's accession to the throne. He boasted of having ten thousand "brisk boys" in the City ready to rise at his command, was loud in his reproaches of the Whig leaders for their lukewarmness, and was actually at hide-and-seek, to avoid being arrested, when he was informed by a friend, Lord Mordaunt, of a conference in the apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth, of which he was suspected to be the subject. "My Lord," were his reported words, "you are a young man of honour, and would not deceive me; if this has happened, I must be gone to-night." He started immediately, in the dress of a Presbyterian minister, for Harwich, where he was detained eight or ten days by contrary winds. He got off at last in an open boat, and, after a perilous voyage, reached the coast of Holland and repaired to Amsterdam. He presented himself amongst his old enemies, the Dutch, like Coriolanus amongst the Volscians. To place him under the ægis of their laws, it was necessary that

* In the Memoirs prefixed to the Globe edition of the "Poetical Works of John Dryden," and in the Biographical Introduction to his edition of "Select Poems of Dryden," printed at the Clarendon Press, Mr. Christie states that the subject of the poem of "Absalom and Achitophel" is said to have been suggested by the King himself. More than a hundred corrections of the text, with many valuable notes, have been supplied by Mr. Christie in these editions.

he should be made free of the City, and his freedom was conferred in a form which, by a touch of sarcasm, places the generosity of the Corporation in broad relief:—"Carthago non adhuc deleta Comitum de Shaftesbury in gremio suo recipere vult." They also hung up his portrait in their hall, and (according to Lord Campbell), with a view of reciprocating their hospitality, he took a large house, set up a handsome establishment, and began a series of entertainments, when he had an attack of gout in the stomach which proved fatal. He died on the 21st January, 1683, in the sixty-second year of his age. Their High Mightinesses of the States honoured his memory by going into mourning and other tokens of respect. His body was conveyed across the Channel in a vessel hung with black and adorned with streamers and escutcheons. It was met at Poole, in Dorsetshire, by the principal gentlemen of the county, forming a guard of honour for the funeral, which took place at Wimbome St. Giles.

Gray asks in his "Elegy,"—

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

Urn and busts, honour and flattery, can do none of these things; but spontaneous, impulsive, and disinterested tributes to the dead may repair injustice to the living, may soften if not repel calumny, may recall good qualities to be set against bad, and so assist the impartial judgment of posterity. We cannot believe that Shaftesbury would have been so received as an exile, or so honoured at his death, if (as Macaulay states) "his life was such that every part of it, as if by a skilful contrivance, reflects infamy on the other;" that "for him there is no escape upwards;" that "every outlet by which he can creep out of his present position is one which lets him down into a still lower and fouler depth of infamy." Neither is it probable that, if such bitter words could be justly applied to him, he would have acquired the warm friendship and esteem of Locke, who lived in confidential intimacy with him from the commencement of their acquaintance in 1666 till his death, and left a memoir of him full of glowing praise.

The marked readiness of those who lived most with him to condone his errors, is in a great measure explicable by the fact that his personal merit was great, his private honour without a stain, his disposition kindly and generous; and that he

lived in times when public virtue had fallen into such desuetude that the want of it was hardly considered a reproach. Whatever we know (and we know a great deal) of his domestic life is to his credit; and his family evidently regarded his affection of royal morals as a matter of policy, betokening no profligacy at heart. It is on record that, when most anxious to confirm his interest at court, he refused to sanction grants of public money to the king's mistresses; he disdained the French money which patriots, like Algernon Sydney, pocketed without reserve; and he added nothing to his patrimony from the eleven years' tenure of an office (the Chancellorship of the Exchequer) in and by which one of Macaulay's pet statesmen, Montagu, became fabulously rich in four. His integrity, therefore, is not so much his weak point as his inconsistency,—rendered prominent and glaring by the fire and energy he threw into every part he played and every enterprise he undertook. His was pre-eminently the "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other." His changes from camp to camp were not worse than those of most of his contemporaries, but they were more noted, from the circumstance that his banner was always flaming in the van. It was in the common course of things that, having broken with the Cabal for going too far in favour of popery and arbitrary power, he should make "No Popery!" and "Liberty!" his war-cries in the ensuing warfare, which he waged fiercely, but not ungenerously. But his love of power was grasping and unscrupulous. It was like the Scotchman's love of money—*quocunque modo rem*. He would have power at all hazards, by any means, at any cost of principle. He would wheedle it from the populace, if he could not extort it from the Crown—

"Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo."

But (we agree with Mr. Christie) he may have been headstrong, impatient, volatile: he was not mercenary, he was not (in the narrow way) self-seeking; and no imputation, or even suspicion, lies on him, in any part of his career, of treachery or falsehood. He betrayed no counsel or confidence; and there was nothing cruel or vindictive in his aggressive measures, which were strictly measures of self-defence. When he moved the Exclusion Bill, he crossed the Rubicon: the die was cast: he thenceforth carried his life and fortune in his hand.

The difficulty of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion touching Shaftesbury is finely and forcibly expressed by Lord Lytton in "St. Stephen's":—

"Wild as the shapes invoked by magic spell,
Dire and grotesque, behold Achitophel!
Dark convict, seared by History's branding
curse,
And hung in chains from Dryden's lofty
verse.
Yet who has pierced the labyrinth of that
brain?
Who plumed that genius, both so vast and
vain?
What moved its depths? Ambition? Passion?
Whim?
This day a Strafford, and the next a Pym.
Is it, in truth, as Dryden hath implied?
Was his 'great wit to madness near allied'?
Accept that guess, and it explains the man:
Reject,—and solve the riddle if you can."

We reject this theory at the risk of leaving the riddle unsolved. There was no sign, trace, or token of madness in Shaftesbury at any time. His wildest projects, his most daring courses were premeditated. In the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his ambition, he never lost his habit of self-examination or his self-command. His mind resembled the rocking-stone in the stability with which, after being moved or shaken, it settled upon its base.

"How often," exclaims Lord Stanhope, in reference to the calumnies levelled at Marlborough and Somers, "have such malignant falsehoods damped the brightest energies and discouraged the most active patriotism. They have quelled spirits which had not shrunk before embattled armies, which had confronted the terrors of a parliamentary impeachment, the Tower, and the block!" Adopting this reflection, Mr. Christie remarks that Shaftesbury "bore with heroic calmness and Christian temper the gibes, accusations, and persecutions showered upon him." We should not like to answer for his Christianity so far as it depended upon faith; but that he possessed the Christian quality of charity in perfection is attested by the widowed Lady Russell, who said that she had never seen any one more free from gall or bitterness against foes.

In conversation with Locke, he broached two theories of character and conduct which throw light upon his own:

"He was wont to say that wisdom lay in the heart, and not in the head, and that it was not the want of knowledge but the perverseness of will that filled men's actions with folly, and their lives with disorder.

"That there were, in every one, two men, the wise and the foolish, and that each of them must be allowed his turn. If you would have the wise, the grave, and the serious, always to rule and have the sway, the fool would grow so peevish and troublesome, that he would put the wise man out of order, and make him fit for nothing: he must have his times of being let loose to follow his fancies, and play his gambols, if you would have your business go on smoothly."

"I have heard him also say (continues Locke) that he desired no more of any man but that he would talk: if he would talk, said he, let him talk as he pleases. And, indeed, I never knew any one penetrate so quickly into men's breasts, and, from a small opening, survey that dark cabinet, as he would. He would understand men's true errand as soon as they had opened their mouths and begun their story, in appearance to another purpose." One instance has been given, and Locke relates another. Shaftesbury and Sir Richard Onslow dined by invitation with Sir John Denham, an elderly widower, who before dinner told them that he wished to take their advice upon a subject of deep import to his happiness, namely, whether he should or should not marry his housekeeper, for whom he had long entertained affection and esteem. Sir Richard Onslow was beginning a strong protest, when, looking their host steadily in the face, Shaftesbury asked, "Are you not married to her already?" and he confessed that he was. "Well, then," said Shaftesbury, "there is nothing left but to send for her to join us at dinner." On their leaving the house, Sir Richard Onslow asked what put him on the scent. "The man and the manner," he replied, "gave me a suspicion that, having done a foolish thing, he was desirous to cover himself with the authority of our advice. I thought it good to be sure before you went any farther, and you see what came of it."

His ready wit and humour were inexhaustible. Speaker Onslow relates that Shaftesbury was one day conversing with a friend with a lady in the room. Unconscious of her presence, he observed aloud: "Men of sense are all of one religion." "And what religion is that?" she broke in. The Earl, turning round and bowing, replied, "That, Madam, men of sense never tell."

When (1630) he was living at Thanet House, Aldersgate Street, a country clergyman inquired for "my lord," and, being introduced, fell upon his knees before Lord

Shaftesbury (who was in a grey silk dressing-gown), and said, "My Lord, I humbly ask your blessing." The Earl held his hand over him and said, "I give you my blessing as Earl of Shaftesbury, which perhaps may do you as much good as my Lord of London's; *but he lives over the way.*" The clergyman started to his feet and ran out of the house as if pursued by the Evil one, with whom Shaftesbury was then commonly identified by the Church.

Lord Campbell says that "as to his literary merit he was infinitely inferior to Bolingbroke," which he was; and Lord Macaulay says that "nothing that remains from the pen of Shaftesbury will bear a comparison with the political tracts of Halifax." Does anything remain of Halifax that will bear a comparison in its way with Shaftesbury's sketch of Mr. Hastings? But it is not as an author or man of letters that Shaftesbury must be judged, but as a man of thought and action, a politician, an orator, a statesman, a master mind made up of many varying gifts and qualities, a "great faulty human being" in whom the faults are indissolubly blended with the greatness.

It was to Shaftesbury's only surviving son that Dryden alluded in the lines:

"And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,

Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy."

This son was a very handsome man, and these lines were supposed to point to his inferiority of understanding. They were more resented by his son, the third Earl, author of the "Characteristics," than any other portion of the satire. After the third Earl, occurs a long interval, during which no lineal descendant rose to celebrity. But let not those who maintain the hereditary quality of genius or character, despair; for in this instance we are reminded of the river which, after running many miles underground, emerges clearer, purer, and less turbid than at its source. After a noiseless descent of nearly two centuries, the name and honours of the Earls of Shaftesbury have devolved upon one who inherits all the domestic virtues, with much of the capacity, intellectual vigour, high courage, and eager animated eloquence of their founder—one in whom ambition is chastened by the pure aims which make ambition virtue—who has uniformly employed his advantages of rank, wealth, and station to alleviate human misery, to improve the moral and material condition of the poor—who stands pre-eminent amongst British nobles for elevated, disinterested, untiring benevolence and philanthropy.

It is gratifying to observe the progress which European civilization is making in Africa. The last advices from New Calabar show that the inhabitants of that spot thoroughly appreciate the good example which has been set them by their European neighbours, and are except in a few unimportant particulars closely modelling their proceedings on those of the most civilized countries of this quarter of the globe. For some time past, we are told, the New Calabar men have been secretly preparing their forces for a raid into the Ekreeka country, partly as a demonstration of their strength, partly to see whether the Bonny men would stand forward as the protectors of the Ekreekas which they are bound to do by treaty. The Bonny men, we are glad to see, have followed substantially, at least, the latest European precedent. They did not come forward in defence of the Ekreekas. They have not yet learned to appreciate the refinement of a "conference with no foregone conclusion;" but this will no doubt come in time. The New Calabar men accordingly had

the Ekreekas to themselves, and proceeded to attack them in a thoroughly civilized fashion. They opened fire on their town with canoe guns, and bombarded it for some hours. The slaughter in the crowded town must have been very great, as every shot told, and, as the Calabar men's guns were of heavier calibre than those of the Ekreekas, their fire was most effective at a range that was quite out of the power of the Ekreeka guns. The Calabar men, being satisfied with the damage they had done to the Ekreekas (and in the absence of evidence we have no right to assume that the damage was less than would have satisfied a civilized European), drew off their canoes and returned to New Calabar town. At this point, one of those little divergences from European practices we have hinted at took place. "Sixteen of the prisoners were at once slaughtered and portioned out like so much beef or mutton to the principal families of the town for the purpose of being cooked and eaten."

Fall Mail Gazette.

* CHAPTER XLII.

GLOOMY, heavy, leaden hours oppressed the young Frau von Rambow, after Pomuchelskopp's visit; slowly, step by step, they passed over her, and in their foot-prints new cares and anxieties sprang up; with firm, energetic hands, she pulled up these weeds from her path; but in time the most active hand grows weary, and the strongest heart longs for rest.

Her husband had not returned on the day appointed; instead there had come a messenger, with a letter, bearing Slusuhr's seal, who said he had orders to wait, until he could give the letter into the hands of the Herr von Rambow himself. What that signified, she could easily understand. She sat, in the twilight, in her room, by her child; her hands were folded in her lap, and she looked out, in the hazy summer evening, at the dark clouds gathering over the sky.

The day had been sultry, and in such weather, the blood flows heavily through the veins, not leaping and throbbing, like a living spring of clear water, but dragging sleepily along, like the black water in a ditch, and even as Nature sighs and pants for the storm, which shall give her fresh life, so the heart longs and sighs, in impatience, for the whirlwind and thunder-bolt of destiny, which may save it from such wearing torture,—come what may, deliver us from this fearful suspense. This was Frida's mood, so she longed and sighed for a sturdy thunder-bolt which might drive away the foul air in which she was stifling, and make everything clear around her; and she did not sigh in vain.

Korlin Kegel came in, bringing the post-bag, and stood there as if she wanted to do something, then unlocked the bag, and laid a letter on the table before her mistress, and again stood still.

"Gracious Frau, shall I light the lamps?"

"No, let them be."

Korlin did not go, she remained standing:

"Gracious Frau, you have forbidden us to come telling tales, but —"

"What is it?" asked Frida, rousing herself from her thoughts.

"Ah, gracious Frau, the Gurlitz people have driven away Herr Pomuchelskopp, and his wife and his two daughters."

"Have they done that?" cried Frida.

"Yes, and now all our day-laborers are standing outside, and want to speak to you."

"Are they going to drive us away?"

asked Frida, rising, very quietly and proudly, from her chair.

"No, no! dear, gracious Frau," cried Korlin, throwing herself on the floor, and grasping her about the knees, while the tears started from her eyes, "no, no! There is no talk of that, and my old father says, if any one should propose such a thing, he would beat out his brains with a shovel. They only say there is no use in speaking to the Herr, he breaks up their talk too shortly. They want to speak to you, because they have confidence in you."

"Where is Triddelsitz?"

"Dear heart! he is going round among them, but they won't listen to him, they say they have nothing to do with him, they want to speak to the gracious Frau."

"Come!" said Frida, and went down.

"What do you want, good people?" asked the young Frau, as she stepped outside the door, before which the laborers were assembled. The wheelwright, Fritz Flegel, stepped up, and said:

"Gracious Frau, we have only come to you because we are all agreed,—and we told the Herr so before; but nothing came of it." And the Herr answered us harshly, and we have no real confidence in Herr Triddelsitz, for he is so thoughtless, and doesn't know yet how things should be managed, and we thought you might help us, if you would be so kind. We are not dissatisfied because we want more, we are contented with what we get, and we get what belongs to us,—but never at the right time; and poor people like us cannot stand that."

"Yes," interrupted Püsel, "and last year, the famine year, the rye was all sold, and you see, gracious Frau, some of us get our pay in grain; and I was to have twelve bushels of rye, and live on it, and I got none, and they said we must be patient. Oh, patience! And all the potatoes bad! How can we live?"

"Gracious Frau," said an old white-haired man, "I will say nothing about the means of life, for we have never gone hungry; but for an old man like me to stand, all day long, bent over in the ditch, shoveling water,—and at evening I am too stiff to move, and cannot sleep at night for misery,—it isn't right. We didn't have such doings when Herr Habermann was here; but now it is all commanding and commanding, and the commanders know nothing about the work."

"Yes, gracious Frau," said the wheelwright, stepping forward again, "and so we wanted to ask you if we couldn't have

a regular inspector again, if Herr Habermann will not come, then some other; but one that would treat us kindly, and listen when we have something to say, and not snap us up, and scold us when we haven't deserved it, or knock our children about with sticks, as Herr Triddelsitz used to."

"That shall be put a stop to," cried Frida.

"Yes, gracious Frau, he has broken off that habit; about six months ago I had a very serious talk with him about it, and since then he is much better behaved, and more considerate. And if our gracious Herr would be considerate too, and think of his own profit, he would get a capable inspector, for he himself understands nothing about farming, and then he need not have a whole field of wheat beaten down by the wind, as it was last year, and the people would not talk about him so. And, gracious Frau, people talk a great deal, and they say the Herr must sell the estate, and will sell it to the Herr Pomuchelskopp; but we will never take him for our master."

"No!" cried one and another, "we will never take him." "A fellow who has been driven off by his own laborers!" "We can't put up with him!"

Blow after blow fell the words of the day-laborers upon Frida's heart. The little love and respect which they professed for her husband, the knowledge of their embarrassed situation, which was evident even to the common people, weighed heavily upon her, and it was with extreme difficulty that she controlled herself, and said:

"Be quiet, good people! The Herr must decide all these matters, when he comes home. Go quietly home, now, and don't come up to the house again in such a crowd. I will join in your petition to the Herr, and I think I may safely promise you that there will be a change in the management by St. John's day,—in one way or another," she added with a sigh, and paused a moment, as if to reflect, or perhaps to swallow something that rose in her throat. "Yes, wait until St. John's Day, then there will be a change."

"That is all right then."

"That is good, so far."

"And we are very much obliged to you."

"Well, good-night, gracious Frau!"

So they went off.

Frida returned to her room. It was beginning to thunder and lighten, the wind blew in gusts over the court-yard, driving

sand and straw against the window-panes. "Yes," she said, to herself, "it must be decided by St. John's Day, I have not promised too much, there must be a change of some kind. What will it be?" and before her eyes rose the dreary picture which David had so coarsely drawn; she saw herself condemned to live in a rented house in a small town, with her husband and child, with no occupation, and no brighter prospects for the future. She heard the neighborhood gossip; they had seen better days. She saw her husband rising in the morning, going into the town, coming home to dinner, smoking on the sofa in the afternoon, going out again, and going to bed at night. And so on, day after day, with nothing in the world to do. She saw herself burdened with household cares, comfortless, friendless; she saw herself upon her death-bed, and her child standing beside her. Her child; from henceforth a poor, forsaken child! A poor, noble young lady! It is a hard thing to occupy a station in which one must keep up appearances, without the requisite means. A poor young gentleman may fight it through, he can become a soldier; but a poor young lady? And though the Lord should look down from heaven, and endow her with all the loveliness of an angel, and her parents should do for her all of which human love is capable, the world would pass her by, and the young Herrs would say, "She is poor," and the burghers, "She is proud." So Frida saw her child, who lay meanwhile in peaceful child-sleep, undisturbed by the storm and tempest without, or by the storm and tempest in her mother's breast.

Korlin Kegel brought a light, and the young Frau reached after the letter which lay upon the table, as a person will do, when he wishes to prevent another from noticing that he is deeply moved. She looked at the address, it was to herself, from her sister-in-law, Albertine; she tore open the envelope, and another letter fell into her hand, addressed to her husband.

"Put this letter on your master's writing-table," she said to the girl. Korlin went.

Her husband's sisters had often written to her, and their letters were generally such as ladies write to drive away ennui. Frida opened the letter; but ah! this was no letter born of ennui. Albertine wrote:—

"DEAR SISTER:

"I do not know that I am doing right. Bertha advises me to it, and Fidelia has twice taken away the paper from under my pen, she thinks

it will only worry our dear brother Axel. But — I don't know, I cannot help myself, — necessity really compels us. We have already written twice to Axel, without getting an answer; he may be absent from home a good deal, in these hard times, and also very much occupied, — for these unhappy political troubles are beginning to reach us, as we have evidence enough in Schwerin, — and so I believe I am doing right in turning to you; you will give us an answer. You know that Axel borrowed the capital which our dear father left us, to invest it on the estate at Pumpelshagen; he promised us five per cent. interest, instead of four and a half, which we got before, — it was not necessary, for we did well enough, — but he promised us the interest punctually, every quarter, and it is three quarters since he has sent us any. Dear Frida, we should certainly have said nothing about it, if we were not in the greatest embarrassment. Added to this, our brother-in-law Breitenburg has been here, who knew nothing of Axel's having borrowed from us, and when he found it out, he spoke of Axel in the most dreadful way, and declared that we were three geese. He asked to see our security by mortgage, which we could not show him, because Axel has always delayed sending it; and then he said, right to our faces, we should never see our money again; it was notorious that Axel was so deeply in debt, through his bad management, that Pumpelshagen would be sold over his head. We know, to be sure, how to make allowance for our brother-in-law's speeches, for he was always unfriendly to our dear Axel, — and how could it be possible? Pumpelshagen sold? In our family for hundred of years! The Grand-Duke would not allow it, and we told him as much, — Fidelia in her lively way, — then he took his hat and stick, and said in his coarse way, 'Your brother Axel was always a fool, and now he has become a scoundrel,' whereupon Fidelia sprang up, and showed him the door. It was a frightful scene, and I never would have written you about it, if I had not a secret anxiety lest Axel and Breitenburg should encounter each other, and, like the brothers-in-law, Dannenberg and Malzahn, out of an exaggerated sense of honor, shoot each other, across a pocket-handkerchief. Caution Axel to avoid such a meeting, and, if it is possible, take care that he sends us our interest.

"We think of visiting you this summer; we have taken a childish pleasure in the thought of seeing you and the dear old place again, where we played as children, and dreamed as maidens, and — alas! — where we parted from our dear father. Yes, Frida, I rejoice in thinking of it all, and Bertha and Fidelia with me, for we live only in recollection; the present is dreary and comfortless. Only now and then, some friend of our father's comes in, and tells us what is passing in the world, and it is really touching for Bertha and me to see how our little Fidelia, with her natural vivacity, will throw aside her sewing and interest herself in

everything. She is very much interested in the court. Now, farewell, dear Frida, pardon my gossip, and give the enclosed letter to Axel. I have written him very earnestly and trustingly; but have spared him, as much as possible, anything disagreeable. We shall see you in August.

"Yours,

"ALBERTINE VON RAMBOW.

"SCHWERIN, June 11, 1843."

Frida read the letter, but she did not read it through; when she came to the place, "Your brother Axel was always a fool, and now he has become a scoundrel," she threw the letter on the floor, and wrung her hands, then sprang to her feet, and walked up and down the room, crying, "That he is! that he is!" Her child lay sleeping before her; she threw herself down in the chair, and took up the letter again, and read over the terrible words, and the dark picture she had been making to herself of her child's future was gone like a shadow, and before her eyes another shone, in livid colors; on it stood the three sisters, and underneath was written: "Betrayed! betrayed by a brother!" And in the back-ground stood her husband; but, dimly seen, she could not tell what was truth and what was falsehood, and underneath was written: "Scoundrel!" Horrible! horrible! Now all was lost, — doubly lost! For it was not her own loss merely, it was the loss of one whom she had loved, dearer than her own soul. That was fearful! Oh, for help, to remove this glowing brand from the brow she had so often lovingly kissed! But how? Who could help her? Name after name shot through her head, but these names all seemed inscribed on a distant, inaccessible, rocky wall, where she could find no footing. She wrung her hands in distress, and the prospect grew darker and darker, when, all at once, there beamed upon her in her anguish and torment an old, friendly, woman's face. It was Frau Nüssler's face, and she looked just as she had when she had kissed Frida's child.

The young Frau sprang up, exclaiming, "There is a heart! there is a human heart!" It thundered and lightened, and the rain poured in torrents; but the young Frau caught up a shawl, and rushed out into the storm.

"Gracious Frau! For God's sake!" cried Korlin Kegel, "in the rain? in the night?"

"Let me alone!"

"No, that I will not!" said the girl, as she followed her mistress.

"A human heart, a human heart," murmured the poor young Frau to herself; the rain beat in her face, — onward! onward! — she had the shawl in her hand, and never thought of it, her feet slipped in the muddy path, she did not know it, there was a voice in her ears crying ever, "Onward! onward!"

"If you must go, gracious Frau, then come along!" cried Korlin Kegel, taking the shawl, and wrapping it about her head and shoulders, and encircling her waist with a strong arm. "Which way?"

"Frau Nüssler," said the young Frau, and murmured again, "a human heart!" And a human heart was beating close beside her, and she never thought of it; nothing keeps hearts asunder like the words, "Command and obey." She had always been good to her people, and had received every kindness from her servants with acknowledgments; but at this moment she did not think of Korlin Kegel, her whole heart was absorbed in the thought that Axel must be saved from shame and dishonor; and the friendly face of Frau Nüssler shone upon her through the rain and the darkness, like the nearest, and the only star. "Thither! thither!"

"Good heavens!" said Frau Nüssler, going to the window, "Jochen, what a storm!"

"Yes, mother, what shall we do about it!"

"Dear heart!" said Frau Nüssler, sitting down again, in her arm-chair, "suppose one were out in it! I should be frightened almost to death."

Frau Nüssler went on knitting, and Jochen smoked, and everything was quiet and comfortable in the room, when Banschan, under Jochen's chair, uttered a short bark, such as signifies, in canine language: "What is that?" Receiving no answer, he lay still, but all at once he started up, and went with his old stiff legs, to the door, and began to whine vehemently.

"Banschan!" cried Frau Nüssler, "What ails the old fellow? What do you want!"

"Mother," said Jochen, who knew Banschan as well as Banschan knew him, "Somebody is coming." And the door was thrown open, and a pale, female form tottered in and a strong girl supported her, and seated her on Frau Nüssler's divan.

"Dear heart!" cried Frau Nüssler, starting up, and seizing the young Frau's hands, "what is this? What does it

mean? Good gracious! wet through and through!"

"Yes, indeed!" said Korlin.

"Jochen, what are you sitting there for? Run and call Mining! Tell Mining to come, and bid Dürt to make camomile tea."

And Jochen also sprang up, and ran out, as fast as he could, and Frau Nüssler took off the young Frau's shawl, and wiped the rain from her face and her fair hair, with her handkerchief, and Mining shot into the room like a pistol-ball, and was full of questions; but Frau Nüssler cried, "Mining, there is no time for looking and questioning; bring some of your clothes and linen, quickly, into my bedroom." And when Mining was gone, she herself asked:

"Korlin Kegel, what does this mean?"

"Ah, Madam, I don't know; to be sure, she got a long letter this evening."

Mining returned quickly, and Frau Nüssler and Korlin took the young Frau into the bedroom, and when she was undressed, and had drunk the tea, and lay in Frau Nüssler's bed, her senses returned, for it was mere physical weakness which had overpowered her, and if the first shock, and the dreadful feeling that there was no creature who could help her, had turned her brain a little, here by this friendly face, and this friendly treatment, she was herself again. She sat up in bed, and looked confidently into Frau Nüssler's eyes: "You told me once, if I were ever in trouble, you would help me."

"And so I will," said Frau Nüssler, quite overcome, and stroking her hands she said "Tell me, what is it?"

"Ah, much!" cried the young Frau, "our laborers are discontented, we are in debt, deeply in debt, they are going to sell the estate —"

"Preserve us!" cried Frau Nüssler, "but there is time enough for that!"

"I could have borne that," said the young Frau, "but another trouble has driven me to you, and I cannot and dare not tell you —"

"Don't speak of it, then, gracious Frau. But this isn't business for women; we ought to have a man's counsel, and if you feel able, we might drive over to see my brother Karl, at Rahnstadt."

"Ah, I could go; but how should I look the man in the face, whom —"

"That is where you are mistaken, gracious Frau, you don't know him. Jochen!" she cried at the door, "let Krischan harness up, but let him make haste, and do you make haste, too! Mining!" she cried

at another door, "bring your new Sunday mantle and hat, and a shawl; we are going out."

All was quickly ready, and as she got into the carriage, Frau Nüssler said to Krischan:

"Krischan, you know I don't like fast driving; but drive fast to-night! We must be in Rahnsstadt in half an hour. Else they will have gone to bed," she added to the young Frau.

The little assessor had just gone home from the Frau Pastorin's, Habermann and Bräsig had said "Good-night!" and gone up-stairs, and Bräsig opened the window and looked out, to observe the weather: "Karl," said he, "what a fragrance there is after the storm! The whole air is full of atmosphere." Just then a carriage stopped at the Frau Pastorin's, and the light from the house shone directly upon it. "Preserve us!" cried Bräsig. "Karl, there are your sister and Mining, at this time of night!"

"Can any misfortune have happened!" exclaimed Habermann, snatching the candle, and running down to the door.

"Sister," he asked hastily, as Frau Nüssler met him at the foot of the stairs, "why have you come here, in the night? Mining,"—but he stopped abruptly,—"gracious Frau! You here, at this time?"

"Karl, quick!" said Frau Nüssler, "the gracious Frau wishes to speak with you alone. Make haste, before the others come!"

Habermann opened the Frau Pastorin's best room, and led the young Frau in; he followed her, just catching, as he shut the door, the beginning of Bräsig's speech, on the stairs:

"May you keep the nose on your face! What have you come here for? Excuse me, for coming down in my shirt sleeves; Karl very inconsiderately took away the light, and I couldn't find my coat, in the dark. But where is he, and where is Mining?"

Frau Nüssler was not obliged to answer these questions, for Louise came out of the Frau Pastorin's room with a light.

"Bless me! aunt!"

"Louise, come in here, and you, Bräsig, put your coat on, and come down to the Frau Pastorin's room!" They did so, and Frau Pastorin came in also, and the hall was left empty and still, and if one had put his ear to the door on the right, he would have heard the honest, touching confession, which the young Frau, at first with embarrassment and bitter tears, but

afterwards with entire confidence and secret hope in her heart, poured out to the old inspector; and if he had listened at the door on the left, he would have heard the most frightful lying from Frau Nüssler, for it had occurred to the good lady that, since they had taken the gracious Frau for Mining, she might as well pass for Mining, till she had finished her business, so that they need not torment her with questions, and so she told them that Mining had a dreadful toothache, and that her brother Karl knew of a remedy, a sort of magnetism, which must be applied between twelve and one o'clock at night, in perfect silence; and Frau Pastorin said she thought that was an unchristian proceeding, and Bräsig remarked, "I never knew that Karl had any taste for magnetism and doctoring." And after a little, Habermann put his head in at the door, and said, "Frau Pastorin, leave the door unlocked, I have an errand out, but I shall be back soon," and before Frau Pastorin could say a word, he was gone, and he went to the street where Moses lived.

CHAPTER XLV.

MOSES had become a very old man, but his health was still quite good, only that he was rather lame, and sleep would not come at his call; so he used to sit up late into the night, in his arm-chair, with a cushion under his head, hours after his Blümcheu was asleep, and think over his old business affairs; with new ones he would have nothing to do. David lay on the sofa, and talked, or slept, as he felt inclined; but I must do David the justice to say he was not an exception to the general rule of his fellow-believers, he took good care of his old father, and this Jewish fashion is one which many Christians would do well to follow.

This evening they were chatting together.

"David," said the old man, "what did I tell you? You should not entangle yourself with Pomuffelskopp."

"Well? If I have entangled myself, I am well paid for it."

"You have strewed dust on your head, you have eaten filth."

"Are louis-d'ors filth?"

"Pomuffelskopp's are."

"Father, if you were willing, we could do a great business; Pomuffelskopp is going to sell Gurlitz."

"Why?"

"Well, he wants to sell."

"I will tell you, David, because he isn't

sure of his day-laborers, that they won't set fire to his barns, or knock him on the head. I will tell you further: I shall not do the business, nor will you; but your friend the notary will do it, he is too shrewd for you, and you are too young."

"Father, I——"

"Hush, David! I will tell you something more; you want to be rich, rich all at once. See, there is a pitcher with a narrow neck, half full of louis-d'ors, you reach in, take up a handful, and cannot get it out, you reach in and take one, and get it out easily, and so on, again and again, till you have them all."

"Have I taken too large a handful?"

"Hush, David, I have not done yet. You see two people, one throws a louis-d'or into clean water, and the other throws a handful into the gutter; you go into the cold water and get the louis-d'or, and it is bright and clean; you go into the gutter and get out the whole handful, and people turn away from you, for you are a stench in their nostrils. Pomuffelskopp has thrown his louis-d'ors into the gutter."

"Well, they don't smell of it."

"If men do not smell them, they smell to heaven; but men do, that is to say, honest men; but they are not offensive to Pomuffelskopp and the notary, their odor is like myrrh and frankincense."

David was going to say something, when there was a rap at the house-door. "What is that?" asked David.

The old man was silent; then there came a louder rap.

"David, go and open the door!"

"What? at this time of night?"

"David, open it! When I was young, and went about with my pack, I often knocked at the door, and the door was opened to me, and now I am old, and shall soon stand before a door and knock, and the God of Abraham will say, 'Let him in, it is a man!' This is a man, also. Open the door, David!"

David obeyed, and Habermann entered.

"Wonder of wonders!" cried the old man, "the inspector!"

"Yes, Moses, you must not take it ill. I could not help it, I must speak with you confidentially about a matter of business."

"Go out, David!"

David made a sour face, but went.

"It isn't of much use," said Moses, "he will stand at the door, and listen."

"Never mind, Moses, I cannot say to you what I would here. Can you not come with me to my house?"

"Habermann, I am an old man."

"Yes, indeed, I know it; but the air is

mild, the moon is risen; I will take you by the arm; yes, Moses, I will carry you, if you say so."

"Well, what is it, then?"

"Moses, I cannot tell you here; you must hear with your own ears, and see with your own eyes. You can do a good work."

"Habermann, you are an honest man, you have always been a friend to me, you will do what is right. Call David."

Habermann opened the door; to be sure, there he stood:

"Herr Inspector, you must not take my father out to-night, he is an old man."

"David!" cried the old man, "bring me my fur boots!"

"Father! you mustn't go! I will call mother."

"Call mother, if you want to, I shall go."

"What are you going to do?"

"Transact important business."

"Then I will go too."

"David, you are too young; bring me the boots."

There was no help for it, David must bring them and put them on; Habermann took the old man firmly by the arm, Moses took his usual grip in his left coat-pocket, on account of the lacking suspender, and, leaning on Habermann's arm, hobbled slowly over to the Frau Pastorin's house.

As Habermann and old Moses crossed the Frau Pastorin's threshold, they made something of a noise, for Moses stumbled at the door, and came near falling. Frau Pastorin, of course, heard the commotion, as did the whole company with her; "Ah, there comes Habermann with poor Mining," said she, and running to the door put out her head; but when she expected to see Mining, though perhaps with a swelled cheek, there stood old Moses in his dressing-gown, and fur boots, with his old face full of wrinkles, and looking at her with his great black eyes:

"Good evening, Frau Pastorin!"

The little Frau Pastorin started back, almost to the middle of the room; "Preserve us!" cried she, "Habermann is carrying on all sorts of magic and unchristian performances, now he is bringing his old Jew into the house, at midnight; is this on account of Mining's toothache?"

Frau Nüssler felt as if she were standing in her kitchen, dressing fish, and had just taken hold of a great pike, and the creature had snapped at her thumb, and was pressing his teeth deeper and deeper into her flesh, and she must keep still, else he would tear open her whole thumb.

What had possessed Frau Nüssler to tell a story, and such a story, which might come out any moment!

"Frau Pastorin," said Bräsig, "as for Moses, that was only an appearance; it could not have been himself, for I was there yesterday, and he told me expressly, he was not able to go out any longer."

"Ah!" interposed Louise, "father has certainly some important business with the old man, and aunt knows about it, and so she has told us that story about Mining. What should father be doing with such nonsense?"

The pike pressed his teeth deeper into Frau Nüssler's flesh; but she set her own teeth together, and held out.

"Eh, see!" cried she, "Louise, you are dreadfully clever! Clever children are a blessing for their parents, but" — here she suddenly pulled her thumb from the pike's teeth — "I wish you had been a good deal more stupid. I will tell you; Mining isn't there, it is the gracious Frau from Pumphelgen, who has some business to attend to with Karl and Moses."

The little Frau Pastorin was quite vexed, partly because she was not sooner informed, for, in her own house, she was surely the nearest, partly because, after long years, she had, for the first time, discovered that her good neighbour Frau Nüssler was capable of the most horrible, unchristian lying.

"And that story was all a lie then?" she inquired.

"Yes, Frau Pastorin," said Frau Nüssler, looking like one of the condemned.

"Frau Nüssler," said the Frau Pastorin, and it seemed as if an invisible hand had dropped upon her shoulders the little black mantle of her sainted pastor, "lying is a horrible, unchristian vice."

"I know it, Frau Pastorin; I never lied for myself, in my life. When I tell lies, it is only for the benefit of other people. I thought it would be too bad for the poor Frau, who is in such trouble, to be plagued with questions, and since you all took her for Mining I merely said yes, and made up a little story."

It seemed now as if the invisible hand had endowed the Frau Pastorin with her blessed Pastor's bands also, and she began:

"Dear, you are in a dreadful state, you are lying at this very moment, you think that is right which is wrong, you lie —"

"With your gracious permission, Frau Pastorin," interrupted Zachary Bräsig, taking the side of his old treasure, "I must interrupt your discourse; I am quite

of Frau Nüssler's opinion. Do you see, last week the Frau Syndic called to me, and asked me, very kindly, 'Herr Inspector, is it true that the Frau Pastorin once held a rendezvous in a ditch —'"

"Bräsig!" screamed the little Frau Pastorin, and mantle and bands were gone directly.

"Don't be troubled!" said Uncle Bräsig, throwing a glance at Louise, "I can be discreet, upon occasion. 'No,' I said to the Frau Syndic, 'it is an abominable lie.' And so I told a lie for you, Frau Pastorin, and, if I must be roasted in hell for it, I beg that you will look down from heaven sometimes and afford me a little relief."

The Frau Pastorin had something to say, but Habermann looked in at the door: "Oh, Bräsig, come here a moment!"

"Habermann —" began the little Frau.

"Frau Pastorin, I shall come back directly."

Bräsig went.

On the other side of the hall they were as much excited, but in a different way. When Habermann entered the room with Moses, the young Frau rose from the sofa, with a pang in her heart, and Moses stood astonished.

"The gracious Frau von Rambow," said Habermann, and, turning to the lady, "This is my old friend Moses; but he is much fatigued from the walk. You will excuse me, gracious Frau;" and he brought him to the sofa, and laid him down, and took cushions and pillows and put them under his head.

When the old man had recovered a little, Habermann asked, "Moses, do you know the gracious Frau?"

"I have seen her riding past my house, I have also seen her walking near Pumphelgen; I greeted her, and she kindly returned the old Jew's greeting."

"Moses, do you know that the Herr von Rambow is deeply in debt?"

"I know it."

"You have sued him."

"I know it."

"Moses, you must withdraw your suit; your money is safely invested."

"What do you call safe? I spoke to you about it last spring. In such times as these property is not safe, a man is safer; but Herr von Rambow is not a man whom I can trust, he is a bad manager, he is a fool about horses, he is a —"

"Hold! Remember his wife is here."

"Well, I remember."

Frida was suffering tortures. They

were silent for awhile; then Habermann began again:

"If there was a prospect that the estate could be rented——"

"Who would rent in such times?" said Moses.

"Or the Herr von Rambow would agree to engage a regular inspector, and leave the management to him——"

"Habermann," interrupted Moses, "you are an old man, and you are a shrewd man. You know the world, and you know the Herr von Rambow; did you ever know a Herr who said, 'I will be master no longer, I will let another be master?'"

Habermann was rather taken aback by this question, he looked inquiringly at the young Frau, and Frida dropped her eyes, and said:

"I am afraid Herr Moses is right; my husband does not understand it."

Moses looked at her approvingly, and muttered to himself, "She is a clever woman, she is an honest woman."

Habermann was perplexed; he sat in deep thought, and finally said:

"Well, Moses, if the Frau von Rambow, or I, or circumstances, should influence the young Herr to consent to this plan, and if, for the security of the creditors, he should give a promise to resign the management, and engage a competent inspector, would you withdraw your suit?"

"I would withdraw it for a year; well, say two years."

"Well, then you will leave your money in the estate; but there are other debts which must be paid; there are Pomuchelskopp's eight thousand thalers."

"I know it," said Moses to himself.

"Then there the debts owing to tradesmen and mechanics, which have not been paid for a year; and the people's wages must be paid and repairs attended to; it will take about six thousand thalers."

"I know it," said Moses.

"Then there is a note for thirteen thousand thalers, in Schwerin, which must be paid immediately."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Moses, "I did not know a word of it."

"Yes, and then," continued Habermann, without noticing this remark, "we must have two or three thousand thalers over, to carry on the estate properly."

"Let me go! It is a bad business, a very bad business!" cried Moses, making a motion as if he would rise from the sofa.

"Hold on, Moses! I have not done yet."

"Let me go! Let me go! I am an old man, I cannot involve myself in such a

business," and with that he rose to his feet, and made preparations to go.

"Hear me first, Moses! I do not ask you to lend the money,—it would be about thirty-one thousand thalers,—there are other people, safe people, who will lend it; you shall merely advance it until St. John's day."

"God of Abraham! Advance in these times, in fourteen days, *thirty-one thousand thalers!* And that for fools who involve themselves in a business like that!"

"Well, Moses, just listen to me. Write down the names and the amounts as I mention them. You know the Frau Pastorin? Write down the Frau Pastorin for five thousand thalers."

"Well, I know her, she is a good woman, she helps the poor; but why should I write?"

"Come, just write."

Moses took a pencil out of his pocket, moistened the point, and wrote:

"Well, there it is; five thousand thalers."

"You know Bräsig, too?"

"Why shouldn't I know Bräsig? Who does not know Bräsig? He is a good man, an entertaining man; always visited me when I was sick, tried to make a democrat of me, wanted me to make speeches in the Reformverein, but he is a good man."

"Put him down for six thousand thalers. You know my brother-in-law Nüssler?"

"I have always bought his wool. He is a quiet man, and a good man, smokes tobacco; but he isn't the man of the house, his wife is."

"Well, then put my sister down for thirteen thousand thalers."

"No, I'll not do it. She is a woman, she is a very cautious woman; bargained with me for two groschen more the stone."

"Write it! My sister will tell you, herself, this very night. So! and now write, for me, seven thousand thalers, and there are the thirty-one thousand."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Moses, "he will give his hard-earned money, that he has laid up for his old age, and for his only child! And for whom? For a young man who has tried to shoot him, who has defamed his honest name, who has treated him like a dog!"

"That doesn't concern you, Moses, that is my affair. I——"

The young Frau had been sitting in torment, repressing the bitterest feelings in her soul; but she could bear it no longer, she started up, and running to Habermann laid her hands on his shoul-

ders, crying, "No, no! that must not be! Neither these good people, nor you, shall be involved in our misfortunes. If we are to blame, we must suffer for it. I will bear—oh, and Axel would much rather bear misfortune and disgrace! but—but"—she broke out involuntarily—"the poor sisters!"

Habermann took hold of her gently, and replaced her in her chair, whispering, "Control yourself! You have trusted the business in my hands; I will bring it to a happy issue."

A flood of tears burst from Frida's eyes.

"Good heavens!" said Moses to himself, laying his pencil back in his pocket-book, "Now she is going to be magnanimous, too. Do you call this business? This is no business. And yet it is all honest! It makes the old man cry, too," and he wiped the tears from his eyes, with the skirt of his dressing-gown. "Well, we will see what the Jew can do."

Habermann had gone out and called Bräsig, and told him, hastily, in the hall, what was in the wind, and now he came in with him.

Bräsig came in with rather a distracted expression on his face, at which Habermann was secretly annoyed; he looked half as if he had something to sell at the fair, and half as if he were going to make a Christmas gift. He marched up to Moses, with his head in the air: "Moses, what Habermann has put down for me, I will subscribe to, Zachary Bräsig; it is all the same to me, cash or bonds, but not before St. Anthony's."

"Good," said Moses. "You are a safe man, Herr Inspector, I will advance it."

Bräsig went up to the gracious Frau, who had rested her arm on the table and covered her eyes with her hand, as if the light hurt them, made a deep bow, and inquired after her health, and when she had answered quietly, he asked, "And how is the young Herr von Rambow?"

Frida shrank together, and Habermann, who had intended to call in the others, one by one, saw that a diversion must be made, or Bräsig, in all innocence, would distress the young Frau with his questions and remarks.

"Zachary," said he, "do me the favor to bring in the Frau Pastorin and my sister; Louise may come, too."

"Very well, Karl," and presently he returned with the women.

Frau Pastorin went up directly to the young Frau, and pressed her to her heart, and could not restrain herself from weep-

ing bitterly. Louise stood by, with the deepest, though silent, compassion in her heart.

"God of Abraham!" exclaimed Moses, "what a night is this! They want to transact a business, and they cry over each other, and press each other's hands, and hang about each other's necks, and are magnanimous and affectionate, and keep an old man, like me, sitting up till morning. Mamselle Habermann," he added aloud, "when you are done with your tender feelings, perhaps you can get me a drop of wine; I am an old man."

Louise ran and brought a bottle of wine and a glass, and Bräsig said, "Bring me a glass, too, Louise!" and had possibly the intention of having a little frolic with Moses, for he sat down by him, and began to touch glasses: "To your good health, Moses!"

But it wasn't successful, Moses did not seem disposed to respond, and Habermann brought up his sister; Moses moistened his pencil, and wrote. After Frau Nüssler came the Frau Pastorin; Moses wrote again, and before the young Frau, who sat in the corner with Louise, knew what was going on, it was all settled; and Moses stood up, saying:

"Shall I tell you some news? I will tell you: the thirty-one thousand thalers are secured, and the people are all good; but it is no business, your magnanimity has run away with you. Well, what will you have? I am a Jew, it has run away with me too; I will advance the money. But I am an old man, I am a cautious man. If the Herr von Rambow will not employ an Inspector, and do as he ought, the business is worthless, and I will have nothing to do with it. When they lay me in the church-yard, under the fir-trees, where I have built an enclosure, then people would say, 'Well, he built that enclosure for himself; what is an enclosure of oaken-wood? Shortly before his death he got honest people into trouble, only that he might make a speculation.' There is Frau Nüssler, there is Frau Pastorin, there is Herr Habermann, and there is also Herr Bräsig. I have been a man of business, from my youth, first with my pack, and then with my produce and wool, and finally with my money, and as a man of business I will die; but a cautious one. Come, Habermann, take hold of me, and help me home again! Good-night, Frau Nüssler, my regards to Herr Jochen, he must come and see me. Good-night, Herr Inspector Bräsig, you must come and see me too; but don't talk about the Reform

any more, I am an old man. Good-night, Mamselle Habermann, when you pass my house again, greet me as kindly as you did last time. Good-night, Frau Pastorin, when you go to bed, you can say I have had honest people in my house to-night, the old Jew, also, is an honest man." Then he went up to Frida:

"Good-night, gracious Frau, you have wept to-night, because you are not used to it; but never fear, it will all come right; you have a new friend, it is the old Jew; but the old Jew has shed tears over you, and he will not forget it; he does not weep often now."

He turned away, and, saying "Good-night!" once more, without looking round, went out with Habermann, Louise lighting them to the door. All was silent in the room; each was busy with his own thoughts. The first to recollect herself was Frau Nüssler; she called Krischan, who was asleep in the hall, and made him bring around the carriage. Krischan obeyed with unusual celerity, for, when Habermann returned from conveying Moses home, the young Frau and his sister were already in the carriage, and he had barely time to say a few friendly, hopeful words to the young Frau, when Frau Nüssler said, "Good-night, Karl! She must go back to her child. Krischan, to Pumpelbogen!" and they drove off.

Habermann was still standing in the street, looking after the carriage, and was just turning to go into the house, when another carriage came slowly up the street, with a pair of gray horses shining before it, in the moonlight. The old man stepped back, and stood in the doorway, his daughter had left a candle for him, in the hall, and he stood there like a gigantic shadow against the light. He waited to see who was driving, so late or so early, through the silent streets; the carriage came nearer, it stopped before the house.

"Take the reins!" cried a voice which seemed strangely familiar to him, and a man on the front seat threw back the reins to the coachman, and jumped down.

"Habermann! Habermann! Don't you know me?"

"Franz! Herr von Rambow!"

"What is going on here, that you are up so late? No misfortune?"

"No,—thank God!—no! I will tell you directly."

The young man threw his arms about the old man, and pressed him to his heart, and kissed him, again and again, and it was no misfortune, it was the purest hap-

piness, and yet one might have supposed it was misfortune, if he had seen the maiden who sat in the next room. The color was all gone out of her cheeks, and her great eyes grew larger and larger, staring at the door, and she pressed both hands against her heart, and when she tried to rise, it seemed as if the earth trembled, and thunder rolled above her, and the voice outside struck like lightning to her heart. She did not know, she could not make it clear in this brief moment; but the garden, which she had planted years ago, with quiet, modest flowers, with shady trees, where she had so often watched the evening star, and on which the silent night had fallen, stood suddenly revealed before her, in the lightning flashes, and when these passed over, and the heart was bowed down, suddenly the sun arose, with such blinding radiance, that she must turn away her eyes; but yet she could not, for in her quiet garden wonder after wonder was bursting into bloom in the sunlight; the modest violets changed into red roses, shining like a bridal wreath, and the odor of the fragrant blossoms changed into the song of nightingales calling to their mates. And her hands sank down from her heart, and her heart beat evenly and full, and when he entered the door, holding Habermann's hand, she threw herself on his breast, and the earth no longer trembled, and the thunder no longer rolled, and no lightning flashes smote her; but light was all around her, pure light! And they spoke to each other, they talked much with each other: "Franz!" "Louise!" and no one understood their language, and they all stood about her, and could not understand, for it was long since they had heard the language, and yet they must have had some perception, of its meaning, for Uncle Bräsig took pity on the young people, who were flying away, above the earth, among the clouds, and brought them back, with a shock, to terra firma.

"Frau Pastorin," said he, "when I had three sweethearts at once——"

"For shame, Bräsig!" cried Frau Pastorin, through her tears of emotion.

"Frau Pastorin, you said the same thing, when I wrote, through Doctor Urtlingen, to the young Herr von Rambow, at Paris; but I wasn't at all ashamed, and I am not ashamed to-day; I have never in my life done anything to be ashamed of. For, you see, Frau Pastorin," and he placed himself before her with great dignity, and blew his nose, but rather above it, as if something had got into his eyes; "you see, Frau Pastorin, I have brought about a

good many rendezvous lately; first in the water-ditch —"

"Bräsig!" cried the little Frau Pastorin.

"Be quiet, Frau Pastorin, I shall say nothing about it, and I will tell lies for you, if it is necessary. Secondly, Gottlieb and Lining in the cherry-tree; thirdly, Rudolph and Mining, also in the cherry-tree; but you must not think it strange if a man has a certain feeling of pride, at having brought about a rendezvous between Rahnstadt and Paris; and that is what I have done."

"Yes," said Franz, coming down to the earth, "you have done that, and I thank you heartily for your beautiful letter. It is here, I keep it always by me."

"Hm!" said Uncle Bräsig, "always by him! Very much obliged! Would you have the kindness to tell me, quite sincerely, do you value the letter so highly, on account of my style, — you know, Karl, I was always ahead of you in style, at Pastor Behrend's, — or is it because the letter-paper belonged to Louise?"

"For both reasons!" cried Franz, laughing heartily, "but chiefly because of the good news contained in your letter. Yes," he added, turning to Habermann, "now these torments, these self-torments, are over, the last shadow of reason for our separation has vanished," and he went up to Louise, and gave her a kiss; it was a very remarkable kiss, it might have been divided by twelve, and each result have been an entire kiss.

"Bless me!" said the Frau Pastorin, at last, "the morning is shining in at the window."

"Yes, Frau Pastorin," said Bräsig, "and you have been watching all night, and you are an old lady, and not used to it; you should go to bed."

"Bräsig is right," said Habermann, "and you, Louise, go to bed, too!"

"Come, child," said the Frau Pastorin, "there will be another day to-morrow, and a happy day, too," and she kissed her. "Now your happy days are coming, and, in yours, I shall live mine over again." They went out.

"Herr von Rambow," said Habermann.

"Why not Franz?" said the young man.

"Well, then, Franz, my dear son, you can sleep in my bed, up-stairs, with Bräsig, I —"

"I cannot sleep," interposed Franz.

"Karl," said Bräsig, "I am not at all sleepy, either, my time for sleeping and nightly rest is over." He went to the

window, opened it, and looked out at the weather: "Karl, it looks to me as if this morning would be a good time for the perch to bite. I must go out, I shall get too fidgety here; I will go fishing; in the Rexow firs, there is a place under the trees, where there is a splendid perch. So, good-morning, young Herr von Rambow, good-morning, Karl, entertain yourself with your future son-in-law." With that, he went off.

"But how did it happen, dear father," asked Franz, "that I found you all up so late? I started from Paris, immediately on receiving Bräsig's letter, travelled night and day, and arrived at my estate day before yesterday. But there was so much to be attended to, — my inspector is just leaving, he is going to be married, — that I could not leave, to come hither, until about this time yesterday morning. I had sent forward relays, however, and when I arrived, — well, I may as well confess, — I wanted at least to see the house in which Louise was sleeping. And here I found you all stirring."

"Ah," sighed Habermann, "it was a sad occasion. It was on account of the young Herr von Rambow of Pumpelshagen, his wife was here herself. She has suffered terribly, but there was no help for it; and even yet everything is in suspense. Would God you had come half an hour sooner; then I believe it could all have been settled." And he related what had happened, first and last, and all with such sincere regret and such cordial interest, that an earnest wish arose in Franz's heart; he must help, also, in the matter, and the best of it was, he *could* help. He had had the fortune to have trustworthy guardians, and honest and capable inspectors; his property and estates had increased in value under their hands, and, more recently, under his own, for he had not made it a ladder, on which to descend to abysses of misfortune and ruin, and his good sense had kept him from folly. Now he could render a thank-offering for his happiness, for he had not only the will but the ability to do good.

The two friends talked of many things, and what seemed good to the one was approved by the other; they would both help, and it was settled that Franz should have an interview with Moses; but, in spite of all their sincerity, each had a secret from the other. Habermann dared say nothing of Axel's debt to his sisters, the young Frau had confessed it to him with bitter tears and a bleeding heart, the secret was not his own property, but that

of another, dearly bought and dearly won. Franz also had his secret, but it must have been a good one, for his face was full of thoughtful joy, and he put one foot up comfortably, on the sofa, and then the other, and he nodded to Habermann, in a friendly way, as he went on talking, and he kept nodding, and finally nodded himself to sleep. Youth and nature must have their rights. Old Habermann got up softly, and looked at him. Joyous thoughts were still hovering over his face, like the beams of the setting sun over a clear, still, transparent lake, and the old man brought a coverlet, and wrapped it gently over him, and then he went out into the Frau Pastorin's little back-garden, and seated himself in an arbor, which he himself had planted, several years before, in his trouble and sorrow, and looked at the window of the room where his daughter slept. Ah, did she sleep? Who can sleep, with bright sunlight shining in the heart? Who can sleep when every sound turns into a melody singing of love and happiness? A light step sounded on the gravel in the garden path, and a lovely

maiden, in a light morning dress, approached, turning up her face to the sun-rising, and, with her hands folded on her breast, gazing at the morning sun, as if she no longer feared to be blinded by its light; but tears ran down her rosy cheeks. Right, Louise! The sun is God's sun, and the happiness is God's happiness, and when it shines bright and dazzling in our eyes, tears are good, they soften the light. She bent down, and lifted a rose, to inhale its fragrance, but did not pluck it. Right, Louise! Roses are earthly roses, joys are earthly joys, they both blossom in their season, leave them to their season. Wilt thou enjoy them before their time, thou hast only a withered rose on thy breast, and a withered joy in thy heart.

She walked on slowly, through the garden, and when she came to the arbor, where her old father sat, she sprang towards him, threw herself into his arms, and nestled her head upon his bosom: "Father! father!" Right, Louise! Here is thy rightful place! In thy father's heart beams God's sunshine, in thy father's heart bloom earthly roses.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.—There may perhaps be a doubt whether it is more politic to suppress a feeling of bitter indignation, or to pretend, with the majority of English journals, that a treaty which would have seemed harsh at the close of an unsuccessful war involves no degradation when it is imposed by unspoken menace on one side and mere timidity on the other. In practice, those who regret and resent the abject submission of the English Government will perhaps not greatly dissent from the opinion of apparent adversaries. As the Commissioners, acting probably under direct instructions, have agreed to almost unlimited concessions, it will be impossible henceforth to conduct the discussion on equal terms. If the present negotiations were to fail, the American Government would quote against any English diplomatist who might wish to save the honour of his country the admissions of the present Ministers, and of a Commission which on its appointment commanded universal confidence. A Cabinet Minister, a respectable leader of the Opposition, and a jurist of high character and acknowledged learning, have admitted the justice of the American claims, and their concessions have been approved by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville, and their colleagues. It is evident that retraction would be difficult; nor could it be reasonably expected that the American Government should at any time abandon the advantages which have been won. After all,

peace, which was probably not in any case endangered, has been for the present secured; and perhaps it is premature to consider the probability of quarrel with some future belligerent who may enlarge his claims in accordance with the extension of neutral responsibilities. The damages will be enormously heavy, and Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe will probably make a large addition to the Income-tax; but there is no doubt that England is rich enough to pay; and humiliation for the moment costs nothing.

Saturday Review.

THE night heron of the United States (*Nycticorax nycticorax*) is much dreaded by the Indians, who have many traditions and superstitions connected with it, and believe that it has the power of transforming human beings into inferior animals. Of the blue heron (*Ardea herodias*), they say that he was formerly an Indian, and that perpetual quarrels raged between his wife and himself. On this account they were both transformed by a superior power, the man becoming a heron, the woman a dabchick (*Podiceps cornutus*), at the same time the brother of the woman was changed into the western grebe (*Podiceps occidentalis*), a native of the Pacific coast.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE ORIGINAL MERRY ANDREW.*

The great grandfather of all Murrays is surely the author of the *Introduction of Knowledge*, "the whych dothe teache a man to speake all maner of languages, and to know the usage and fashion of all maner of countreys. And for to know the most parte of all maner of coynes of money the whych is currant in every region. Made by Andrew Borde, of Physycke Doctor." Here in thirty-nine chapters are the Doctor's notes on "Barbari and the black Mores and their speche;" on "Jeene (Genoa) and the Jeneneys;" "of the kingdom of Poll, and of the disposition of the people;" "of Gulik and Lewke" (Juliers and Liege), and base and high Almayne, and so forth. The said notes were from personal observation, for Boorde "had traueyled thorow and round about all the regions of Christynte;" and were put together at Montpelier in 1542.

Who was Boorde? Mr. Furnivall has published his book of travels, his *Dyetary of Helth*, and Barnes's answer to his lost *Treatyse upon Berdes*, along with his own learned "Forewords" and "Hindwords," in the last extra volume of the Early English Text Society. Boorde was born at Borde's (now Board's) hill in Holmdale, not far from the Hayward's Heath station, in Sussex. The family makes a figure in Lower's *Worthies of Sussex*: by the time the Armada came it had split into two branches, the heads of which, occupying Board's Hill and Paxhill, gave 30*l.* apiece towards the defence of the country. In 1570 one of them, an Andrew, was a *nativus* or "villein regardant," of Lord Abergavenny's manor of Ditchling, near Cuckfield; and him, "Georgius Nevile Dnus. de Bergevenny," manumits, so that he no longer has to "regard," i.e. to be on the watch, what service may be required of him. But this cannot be our Doctor; for he had been got hold of by the Charterhouse monks while he was under age, according to their practice of "drawing boys into religion with hooks of apples, whom, having professed, they do not instruct in doctrines, but maintain them to go upon beggarly excursions." So Boorde became a monk; but he was "dispensyd with relygyon," first by the Pope's bull that he

might be suffragan to the Bishop of Chichester—a man of mark in the country he must have been—and afterwards three times over by his Carthusian superior, that he might go abroad and study medicine. After this he reckons himself (as well he might) clearly discharged from religion, and able to settle quietly at Montpelier, then the chief transalpine school of physic.

There was nothing of the martyr about *Andreas Parforatus*, as he calls himself. If he writes a book of Sermons in 1532, he takes the oaths to Henry VIII. in 1534. The Prior Houghton and several of his monks were put into the Tower, and afterwards hanged, for refusing to take these same oaths. But Boorde was already something of a courtier; when he was "a young doctor" (of full forty years old) he, just home from his travels, was sent for by the Duke of Norfolk. He did not like to prescribe without consulting the Duke's old physician, Dr. Butte. But Butte did not come; so Boorde prescribed, made a cure, and was "allowed to wait on" the King. He was, too, not at all the man to make a good Carthusian. He, the original "Merry Andrew," must have been horrified by their silence, their solitariness, their no-meat, no fun, all stay at home life. It made him ill; and his distaste for it doubtless strengthened his inclination for travel.

When he got free from the Charterhouse, Cromwell took him up, had him to stay with him at Bishop's Waltham, and got him appointed to an office which Tudor statecraft taught necessary—of observing, viz. and reporting on the state of feeling abroad about Henry VIII.'s doings. He travelled far, starting suddenly from Orleans to Catalonia, in order to show nine Scotch and English pilgrims the way to St. James's shrine at Compostella. He warned the poor fellows that it was a very hard journey, saying he would rather go six times from England to Rome than once from Orleans to Catalonia. However they went; and Spain being then as now a country where the traveller's constant difficulty is how to avoid being starved, they all suffered a good deal: and in coming back "thorow Spayn, for all the crafte of Physycke that I coulede do, they dyed, all by eatynge of frutes and drynkynge of water, the whych I did ever refrayne myselfe." How he rejoiced when he got into Aquitaine, the land of plenty, where "a peny worth of whyte bread may serue an honest man a hooole weke." He "dyd kis the ground for ioy," he says,

* *The Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, made by Andrew Borde, of Physycke Doctor, &c. Edited, with Life of Andrew Boorde, and large extracts from his "Breuyary," by F. J. Furnivall. M. A., Trin. Hall. Camb. Early English Text Society, 1870.

"burdious and byon (Bordeaux and Bayonne) being so much better than the baryn cuntry of Byskay. . . for Aquitany hath no falow for good wyne and bred. When I was ther I had ix kakys for a peny; and a kake serued me a daye, and so it wyll any man, excepte he be a rauenner."

But, much as he disliked Spain, we find him again in Catalonia at the time when Charles V. is embarking for his expedition against the pirate Barbarossa. Having found that "the vnyuersytes off orlyance, pyctauensis (Poitiers), Tolosa, mountpyller, and the reuerend father off the hed charterhouse, a famuse clark and partt (president off the vnyuersyte off parys doth hold with our soveryne lord the kyng in his actes," he was glad to be able to add to this the more important news that "the emprow (Emperor), with all other kynges in the courtes of whom I haue byn, be our redoubtyd kynges frendes and louers." Curiously mixed up with this account how "the emprowe tok sheppying in to barbary," is a notice that "I have sentt to your mestershepp the seedes off *reuberbe*, the which come owtt of barbary. in thes partes ytt ys had for a grett treasure." Then follow directions for sowing, which Cromwell could not have attended to, for it was not till 1742 that Collinson first raised "true Rlubarb from seed sent me out of Tartary by Professor Segisbeck of Petersburg." This letter, important enough to be endorsed "Andrew bord, prest. how king h. 8 is well esteemed in ffrance and other natyons," is followed by one to the prior of the London Charterhouse, explaining how he has been dispensed from religion at the Grand Charteruse; his fear lest he might be claimed as a runaway monk urging to take this precaution. He then comes home and goes to practice and study medicine in Scotland, probably that he may pick up information: for we can scarcely suppose that Edinburgh had as yet attained any eminence as a school of medicine. He got on as well as was to be expected: "It is naturally geuen (he says), or els it is of a deuellyshe disposition of a Scottysch man not to loue nor fauour an englishe man. And I, beyng there, and dwellyng among them, was hated; but my sciences and other polices did kepe in fauour that I did know theyr secretes." Boorde repays their hatred with dislike—a dislike which he extends beyond Scotland: "Wold to Iesu (he writes to Cromwell) that you hade neuer an alyon in your realme, specyally skottes,

for I never knew alyon goode to ynglonde exceptt thei knew profytt and lucre shold com to them." It is likely, however, that he is, in writing thus, rather falling in with Cromwell's views than giving his own; for the man who liked Aquitaine so much, and who enjoyed life so thoroughly, in such dissimilar places as Holland and Montpelier, can hardly have been so narrow and insular as he there makes himself out. But the Scotch he certainly was not fond of: "Shortly to conclude (he says), trust yow no Skott, for they wyll yowse flattering wordes and all ys falsholde." That the English in those days were not very popular abroad we may gather from the Doctor's experience that "in all the partes off crystendom that I haue traunlyd in, I know nott v Englysh men inhabytours, exceptt only skolers for lernyng." Nevertheless an exception is always made in favour of the place where bread and wine are so cheap and abundant. After finding fault with nearly all Europe, "from Calais to Calais back again," Boorde says, "I can not geue to create a prayse to Aquitany and Langwadoek, to Tolose and Mountpilior . . . in Tolose regneth treue justice and equite off al the places that euer I dyd com in."

In Scotland he condescended to hide his name and nationality: "I resortt (he tells Cromwell) to the skotysch kynges howse, and to many lordes and lardes, and truly I know their myndes, for thei takyth me for a skotysch manes sone, for I name my self Karre, and so the Karres kallyth me cozyn, thorow the which I am in the more fauer."

After some stay in Yorkshire he is in London (1537) worrying Cromwell about two horses stolen, he knows very well by whom, as he was travelling southward. Then he goes abroad again. It is such a pity that his "Itinerary" is lost, except the English part of it (printed by Hearne); but Mr. Halliwell is sure, from internal evidence, that he really visited all the countries mentioned in his *First Book of the Introduction of Knowledge*. He visited his old friends at Montpelier on this fourth journey, and there got drunk, as his opponent Barnes, in his *Defence of Beards* against Boorde's attack upon them, takes care to tell us: "Your frend Marttyn the surgyen brought you to dyner upon a daye to one Hans Smormowthes howse, a Duche man, in which howse you were cupshote, or therwyse called dronken, at which tyme your berde was longe." And Barnes goes on, with the minute personality of the time, to explain why "ye abore berdes." Men in those days lived in glass

houses, and yet were not at all afraid of throwing stones, aye and dirt too of the most offensive kind.

Boorde was a staunch Romanist, though he had struggled against the "rugorosyte" of the Carthusian rules; he is therefore the object of attack of men like foul-mouthed Bishop Bale, one of those creatures whom an evil fate mixed up with the beginnings of the Irish Protestant Church, and who calumniates Boorde at Winchester, where he settled on property left him in that city by his brother, in a way that makes old Anthony a Wood protest. Ponet, Bishop of Winchester, in his *Answer to Gardiner Pighius and other Papists* (1555), makes the same charge. Of the truth or falsehood of the charge Mr. Halliwell expects some proof when the Winchester records come to be published. Anyhow, it seems certain that Boorde at Winchester came to grief. Whether the women spoken of were really what Ponet and Bale call them, or were, as Wood says, "only patients that occasionally recurred to his hous," it is certain that our Doctor, who had displayed his sanctity by drinking only water (a great piece of self-denial for him) three days a week, and wearing a hair shirt, and every night hanging his shroud at his bed's foot, died in the Fleet Prison in 1548-9. It is very probable that his being there was a case of religious persecution; for he was very bitter against monks and priests who had broken their vows by marriage, so that a strong party must have been eager to punish him. Here is Bale's account of his end (*Scriptorum Illustrum Catalogus*): "quum sanctus hic pater, Vintoniæ in sua domo, pro suis concelibibus Papæ sacrificialis prostibulum nutrit, in eo charitatis officio deprehensus, ueneno pharmaco sibi ipsi mortem acceleravit, ne in publicum spectandus ueniret."

So much for Boorde's life. Of his books all are worth reading, his *Breyary of Helth*, no less than his "Itinerary." He is the first father of all "domestic medicine" books, just as we said he is of all Murray's Handbooks: "I do nat wryte," he says, "for lerned men, but for symple and unlearned men."

His *Itinerary of Europe* is lost: he says, "the whiche boke at Byshops-Waltam, one Thomas Cromwell had it of me. And bycause he had many matters of state to dyspache for al England my boke was loste." So is his book of Sermons, much regretted by Mr. Halliwell, who says we should have in it a perfect picture of his times. Romanist though he was, he testi-

fied that, "in Rome I dyd neuer se no vertue nor goodness but in Byshop Adrian's days," who was soon poisoned for his attempts at reformation.

Besides what are known to be his, a good many have been fathered upon him, chiefly jest books, in which he is entitled "Merry Andrew,"—as he was always recommending people to "laugh and grow fat." Among things attributed to him is a Latin poem on the Friars, beginning—

Nos vagabunduli,
Læti jucunduli,
Tara tantara teino.
Edimus libere,
Canimus lepide,
Tara tantara teino.

And so on.

Of the "Introduction of Knowledge," Dibdin says, "it is the most curious and generally interesting volume ever put forth from the press of the Coplands."

Of course he begins with the Englishman, who is in the rude woodcut represented naked, holding a huge pair of shears, and having over his right arm a piece of cloth. This is a hit at the national love of new fashions:

I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musyng in my mynde what rayment I shall were;

For now I wyl were thys, and now I wyl were that,

And now I wyl were I cannot tel what.

English freedom is insisted on:

No man shall let me, but I wyl have my mynde.

And English swearing impressed Boorde as something *sui generis*; he often remarks on it: "In all the worlde there is no regyon nor countree that doth vse more swearynge than is used in England, for a chylde that scarce can speake, a boy, a gyrl, a wenche, now a dayes wyl swere as great othes as an old knave and an old drabbe." Which shows that we do owe something to the Puritans; for our "girls and wenches," at any rate, have given up the custom, and contrast strikingly in their careful shunning of strong expressions with the German lasses, for instance, whose "Ach du lieber Gott!" drawn out so sweetly from a rosebud mouth, is much more startling than the "Mon Dieu!" of a Frenchwoman. The Italian verdict on England, Boorde tells us, was "bona terra, mala gente." This he combats: the English are as good as any people; "yea, much more better in many thynges, specially in maners and manhod." The superior fertility of England (so well

brought out in Laing's *Notes of a Traveller* struck the Doctor; he also thinks London the finest city in the world, "wherein is suche a brydge of pulchritudnes that in all the worlde there is none lyke." Stonehenge he notices; and Bath, where "in wynter the poore people doth go in to the water to kepe themself warme, and to get them a heate." England too has "more nobler portes and hauens than any other regyon." But the strangest thing is that he puts Cornwall by itself in an "appendix," in order to give samples of that old Cornish which Mr. Max Müller has found more than a match for him in the third volume of his *Chips*, and also to declaim against the bad cooking which is said to be still a fault of the Cornish folks. "Cornish cream" the Doctor evidently never tasted, though its well-known "Phœnician origin" precludes the idea of its having been since invented; however, clotted cream he mentions several times in his "Dietary," but he must have eaten a Cornish pasty (such as they give you—generally cold into the bargain—at that worst of all refreshment rooms at the Plymouth station); for he says, "there meate and theyr breade is marde and spylt for lacke of good ordning and dressynge." But his chief complaint is that nothing fit to drink can be got in the county: "there ale is starke nought, lookinge whyte and thycke, as pygges had wrasteled in it." Of men who drink stuff like that we do not wonder to hear that

For wagginge of a straw,
They wyl go to law—

a characteristic of their descendants, unless report maligns them. Nor do the Welshmen proper fare better at our author's hands.

I am a Welshman, and do dwel in Wales,
I haue loued to serche boudgets and looke in males;

I loue not to labour nor to delue nor to dyg,
My fyngers be lymed lyke a lyme twig;

sounds very like an expression of "Taffy was a thief." Welsh singing and harping both seemed to the Doctor

Muche lyke the hussying of a homble be;

while the Welsh love of "cawse boby," (toasted cheese) is of course noted. Our author was writing some score of years after "the hundred merry tales" were printed, in one of which St. Peter, ordered to clear heaven of the ruck of Welsh saints goes outside and shouts "cawse boby,"

and when their Welsh holinesses have all rushed out to get some, slips in and locks the door upon them. Wales is, he says, like Castile or Biscay in the poverty of living and lodging; yet the people are "hardy, stronge, and goodly. . . and many of them be louynge and kynd harted, faythful and vertuous." Their wakes, after the Irish fashion, amused him; and their cry, "O swetyng, why dost thou dye? thou shalt not goe from us; we wyl die with the; venit! (benedictus)" reminded him again of Castile.

Of Irish characteristics the Doctor hits off not a few. Under a cut representing a girl "hunting over" the hair of a rough fellow whose head is in her lap we read—

. . . I loue to weare a saffron shert, although it
be to torne.

My anger and my hastynes doth hurte me full
sore;

I cannot leaue it, it creaseth more and more.

Frieze, hobby-hawks (such as Strafford in later days sent over to his friends), "aquavite," dice, are Irish exports. There are no magpies (now they are almost as plentiful as in France) nor snakes, &c.; and English merchants carry away Irish earth "to caste in their gardens, to kepe out and to kyll venomous wormes." The Irish are slothful, not caring for riches but for meat and drink; "flesh sufficient they haue, but little bread or wine, and none ale." It is their "melancoly complexion" (Mr. Disraeli says it is the nearness of the melancholy sea) which causes them to be testy without a cause. Nevertheless Boorde adds: "I did neuer find more amyte and loue than I haue found of Iryshe men the whyche was borne within the English pale; yea, even among the wylde Iryshe there be vertuous creatures whom grace worketh aboue nature." So Stanhurst (1577): "These Irishe beyng vertuously bred up or reformed are such myrros of holynes and austeritie, that other nations retaine but a shadow of deuotion in comparison of them."

Scotland is on the whole fairly treated, considering.

I am a Sootyshe man, and trew I am to
Fraunce;

In euery countrey myselfe I do aduancee;
I wyll boost myselfe, I will crake and face,
I loue to be exalted here and in euery place.

India was not yet a field for enterprising young Britons; but as soon as our factories out there began to be worth going to, "the Scotch party" grew, and grow

till men from this side of the border were almost looked on as interlopers. And not only in India, but (much to their credit) in almost every part of the known world, Scotch merchants and Scotch in every capacity have gone ahead, just as Boorde describes them doing in his time, as James's English courtiers and subjects cried out against them for doing some seventy years later. Is this "pushing" a proof of their being pure-blood Teutons? It certainly is not Celtic: the French have it not, nor the Welsh and Irish; but the Prussians, so their London and Liverpool fellow-clerks say, possess it in a most unpleasant degree. This would settle the question about Lowlanders; but how is it that the Highlanders have, on the whole, done as well—in some walks of life better—than their Lowland rivals? Anyhow, though the Scots are in this as Boorde found them, let us rejoice that no longer are his next verses true in any sense:

I am a Scootysh man, and haue dissembled
moche

And in my promise I haue not kept touche.

An Englyshe man I cannot naturally loue.

Boorde notices the great poverty and wretchedness of the Borderland; he remarks on the good cookery of the Scotch, and of their skill in music, and doubts not that the Northern Scotch are of the same race with the Irish.

Why he treats of Shetland and Friesland together, except that both, he says, abound in fish, I cannot tell. The Frisians he praises as being good, simple folk. About Iceland he is sadly at fault: the men, who certainly were for centuries above the European average in intelligence, he stigmatises as "beastly creatures vnmanered and vntaughte, lyuing in caues altogether, like swyne. . . they will gye away ther children. . . They wyll eate candells endes and olde grece. . . They be lyke the people of the newe founde land named Calyeo. *In Iceland there be many wyld beasts.*" But in Iceland there are no wild beasts at all.

Boorde's conscientiousness comes out in his declining to give any samples of Icelandic; for, says he, "I can not speke it, but here and there a worde or two." Poor old man! he could fairly assert:

After my conseyence I do wryte truly.

Nor does he claim a high rank for his poetry:

But I am as I am, but not as I was,
And where as my metre is ryme dogrell,
The effect of the whyche no wyse man wyll de-
fell.

"Drunk as a rat" is the proverb of the "buttermouth Flemings;" but the Dutch are worse, drinking till it runs out of them. Brabant is rich and pleasant, and "Handwarp" has a curious spire and a "Bourse" for the merchants. Cleves and Gueldres are poor, because so fond of war. In Juliers the geese are plucked naked every year. So much for the "base Doche men." In "hyghe Doch lond" we are astonished to find the "Junker" already known by name, wearing a feather in his cap:

Be it of goose or capon, it is right good gere.

One High Dutch custom which disgusted Boorde has made its way over here, possibly along with the Georges: "they will eate magotts as fast as we wyll eat comfits. They haue a way to brede them in chese." The snowy Alps impressed our author much: "a man may see them fyftene myle of, at a cyte called Ulmes."

Denmark, next on the Doctor's list is a very poor country, so poor that Boorde marvels "how they dyd ones gette Englande." So again he marvels how a little country like Saxony could have conquered England; "for I think if all the world were set against England it might neuer be conquered, they beyng treue within themselfe." Next Boorde speaks of those other heretics the Bohemians, whose spokesman says:

For the Pope's curse I do lytle care,
Ever sens Wyolif dyd dwel with me
I dyd never set by the Pope's auctorite.

Bohemia is the land of wonderful beasts—"bughs and bowies," much like those which Cæsar describes as inhabiting the great Hyrcanian forest. What Boorde says of them may be all true; but he is certainly wrong when he says of the Bohemians, "their speche is Doch." Not even the Thirty Years' War and the Germanizing of their nobles ever for a moment drove the Czech speech from its position as the language of the country. And now when the German traveller crosses the old frontier, he feels much as an Englishman does in a third class carriage on a South Wales railway—among aliens.

Mr. Freeman is quite right; we are Teutons; the "at home" like feeling which most of us have all the way from the Rhine to the Oder proves it to my mind. Even if we don't understand the speech, we feel

as if we ought to. Nay, far west of the Rhine, about Ostend, where the Fleming asserts himself so stoutly against his "Welsh" neighbours, how homelike is the look of the people, and how you "stand corrected" if at some little inn you have asked for "viande" and the hostess with a grave shake of the head draws out "Nit fleisch." You never felt at home in Bohemia; the lodging is still as "indifferent" as it was in Boorde's day; but it is something about the people which shows they are not of us.

In Poland our author was chiefly struck with its poverty; he makes here too a mistake about language—"theyr speche is corrupt Doche." Boorde would have had an effort made to drive the Turks out of Hungary. His Hungarian says:

If we of other nacions might haue any helpe,
We wold make them to fle like a dog or a
whelp.

He grows quite poetical about the "regall fload of Danuby;" but he does not appear to have passed beyond it; for about Constantinople he romances, talking of Saint Sophia as not a mosque, but "the fairist cathedral church in the worlde. . . they say that there is a thowsande prestes that doth belong to the church: before the fount is a pycture of copper and gyllt of Iustinian, that syteth upon a horse of coper." All which smacks rather of Mandeville than of personal observation. The kindness of the man comes out in his way of noticing the Great Schism: "The Greciens do erre in many articles concerning our fayth, the whyche I do thinke better to obmyt, and to leue vnwryten than to wryte it." Bravo Boorde! How well you contrast with some of our moderns. I took up *A Vacation Tour in Brittany* not long ago, and was vexed to find all that was new in it made up of tirades against "Popish darkness and superstition."

We are wrong, Boorde must have been in Greece, for he gives an unusually long Greek and English dialogue, ending with the pious *Cherete apapantes* with which the modern host dismisses his guests.

Harking back from Greece towards Calais, Boorde takes Southern Europe, beginning with Sicily and Italy; the thing which chiefly struck him in every part of which was the prevalence of old fashions in dress and behaviour:

Al new fashyons to England I do bequeat,
says the Neapolitan;

In my apparel I am not mutable,
says the Roman, and so on.

Boorde's righteous soul was vexed, like other righteous souls, at the state of Rome: "I dyd se lytle vertue there, and much abhominable vyces." He is also worried by their way of reckoning time, "for they do reckon vnto xxiii a cloke, and than it is mydnyght."

What he says of Venice reads like Childe Harold's lines put into old prose: "Whosoever that hath not seene the noble cite of Venis, he hath not sene the bewtye and ryches of thys worlde." The Doge may not leave the city so long as he doth live; there is not a poor person to be seen in Venice; "the Venyscions hath great prouision of warre, for they haue euer in a redynes tymber to make a hondred gates or more." They are not superstitious: "When they do heare masse they doth clap theyr hand on theyr mouth, and do not knock themself on the brest." In fact the Venetians were a satisfactory people. The laxness which Byron found among them, and which made their city in his eyes an Italian Seville, belonged in Boorde's day to Genoa. Thomas, in his *History of Italy* (1561) says: "One thing I am sure of, that if Ouide were now alive, there be in Genoa that could teache him a dosen pointes de arte amandi." Boorde as a doctor of course noticed Genoa treacle, *θηρακνόν*, whose virtues are witnessed to in Chaucer's line:

Christ that of alle mischief is triakel.

Of it he says: "Whan thay do make theyr treacle, a man wyll take and eate poysen, and than he wyl swel redy to brost and to dye, and as sone as he hath takyn trakle he is hole agene."

After the old-custom-loving Italians it is a change to come into France, where they "wyll euery daye a new fashion." France suits our author's love of good cheer, and though he has a special word for "good Aquitany," as he affectionately calls it, he is able to say of the whole that "Fraunce is a noble countre, and plentiful of wyne, bread, corne, fysh, flesh and whyld foule. there a man shall be honestly orderdy for his mony, and shal haue good chere and good lodging." Very different this from Aragon, where nothing is to be had but measly bacon and sardines—so bad that, when Englishmen have been there,

Thither neuer after they wyll come agena.

The rest of Spain is as bad, except by the sea-side, where, like Portugal, it is enriched by trade. Elsewhere "the cuntrye is baryn of wine and corne, and skarse of vitels; a man shal not get mete in many

places for no mony; other whyle you shall get kynd, and mesell bakyn, and salt sardyns, which is a lytle fysh as byg as a pylcherd, and they be rosty. al your wyne shal be kepte and caryed in gote skyns. . . . whan you go to dyner and to supper you must fetch your bread in one place. and your wyne in a nother place, and your meate in a nother place; and hogges in many places shal be vnder your feete at the table, and lice in your bed. . . . the best fare is in prestes houses, for they do kepe typlinge houses."

When he come to Navarre Boorde tells at full length the story of the white cock and hen which were kept at St. Domingo in memory of the sad fate of the Joseph-like young pilgrim who was on his way to Compostella. At which Compostella, by the way, an old blear-eyed doctor of divinity tells Boorde that "our clergy doth illude, mocke and skorne the people to do Idolatry, making ygnorant people to worship the thyng that is not here;" all the bones, &c., of St. James and others, having been placed by Carolus Magnus in St. Severin's in Toulouse. I am sorry to say that Brittany — "little Britten" — has not a good character in Boorde:

Of all nacions I hate free Englyshe men,

is what the Breton says; but then as Boorde's Breton speaks French, let us hope he is misrepresented as regards his dislikes as well as his language.

So having got back to Calais again, Boorde goes on to treat of Moors and of Turks, whose "Macomyt, a false fellow," deceived the people by teaching tricks to his dove and his camel; much as many Irish believe Henry VIII. taught a donkey to "discover" the Book of Common Prayer, which the apostate King had secretly buried. With which notice of "Macomyt" let us leave the travel-book and turn to "Dyetary," written in Montpellier, and dedicated to Thomas Duke of Norfolk. And here the striking feature is Boorde's compendiousness; he treats of everything, from where you are to "cyytuat" your house, and how you should build it, "for to lengthen your lyfe," down to "how a sycke man shuld be vsed that is lykly to dye."

On house-building he is not only before his age, but far in advance of our own practice; he has a true notion of sanitary laws: "The ayre cannot be to clere and pure . . . for we lyue by it as the fysshe lyueth by the water . . . for yf the ayre be fryске, pure, and clere, it doth conserue the lyfe of man, it-doth comfort the

brayne." Bad air putrifies the brain; and among things which corrupt the air are "standing waters, stynkyng mystes and marshes, caryn lyinge longe aboute the grounde, moche people in a smal rome lying vnclenly and beyng fylythe and slatyshe." Above all, buttery, cellar, larder, and kitchen are to be kept clean and free from accumulations of filth; if there is a moat, it must be often scoured and kept free from mud, so must the fishponds. Stables, brewhouse, and bakehouse are to be kept well away from the dwelling-house. Such a house must have plenty of land about it, "for he the whyche wyll dwell at pleasure, and for proffyte and helth of his body, he must dwell at elbowe-roume." The prospect too must be good; "for, and the eye be not satysfied, the mynde can not be contented. And the mynde not contented, the herte cannot be pleased; yf the herte and mynde be not pleased, nature doth abhorre. And yf nature do abhorre, mortyfycacion of the vytall and anymall and spyrytuall powers do consequently folowe." Of aspects the south is the worst, "for the south winde doth corrupt and make euyl vapours:" the best is the east, "for that wynde is temperate, fryске, and fragrant" — testimony, as Mr. Halliwell writes, to the same effect as that of Mr. Kingsley in his well-known Ode. Never set up house till you have three years' "rent" (i. e. money for all outgoings) in coffer. Divide your income into three parts: one for food; another for dress, wages, liveries, alms; the third for urgent calls, such as sickness and the "charges of a man's last ende."

Keep your household well in hand, and put down swearing; "for in all the worlde ther is not suche odyble swearying as is vsed in Englonde, specyally amonge yonth and children, and no man doth go aboute to punnysshe it."

Sleep according to your temperament, but not too long; have a fire in your room to consume euyl vapours, "for the breath of man may putryfy the ayre within the chambre." Wear a scarlet nightcap and plenty of bedclothes. And, if you must sleep in the day-time, sleep leaning against a cupboard or sitting upright in a chair.

Eat and drink moderately, "for else the lyuer, which is the fyre vnder the potte, is subpressed that he can not naturally nor truely decocte ne dygest." Fond as Boorde was of good beer, he did not like even to see men let "the malt-worme playe the deuyll in theyr heade." He also cries out against our English plan of eat-

ing the "gross meats" first, leaving those which are wholesome and light of digestion for servants. "Water," he confesses, "is not holsome, sole by it selfe, for an Englyshe man;" above all, avoid well-water and standing water. Claret or "Raynyshe" is best with meat. Of "hote wyne" he gives a long list; but would have none of them taken but very sparingly and after dinner. The distinction between ale and beer will be new to some readers: ale is only malt and water, "and they which do put any other thyng to ale except yest, barne, or godes good doth sofytycat theyr ale." It is the Englishman's natural drink, as beer (of malt, water, and hops) is the Dutchman's: "bere nowe of late dayes is moche vsed in Englande to the detryment of many Englyshe men, whom it kylleth." Boorde insists strongly, as all men of sense do, on the importance of good bread; "sophysticating" bakers he would set standing up to their chin in the Thames. He is also great on pottage, which he says "is not so much vsed in al crystendom as it is vsed in Englande." Fish, too, sea and river both, we have more of than any other country.

Our Doctor's verdict is (contrary to that of modern physycists) that "fyshe doth lytele nourishe," and also that fish and flesh should not be eaten together at one meal. He then gives a curious classification of birds according to their digestibility, giving the chief place to the partridge, "whiche is a restoratyue meate, and do the comforte the brayne and the stomache." A woodcock, on the contrary, is "a meate of good temperaunce." But of wild fowl in general he makes a remark which is of much wider application: "All these be noyfull, except they be well orderyd and dressyd;" as he says elsewhere, "the cook is more than half a physycian."

Mixed with his dietetics are all sorts of queer jottings from his experiences abroad. Thus he had seen in "Hygh Alman" what anyone who travels there or in Hungary may see now-a-days, "swyne kept clene." The Germans, he says, make them swim once or twice a day in their great rivers. The English let theirs lie about in filth and feed on "stercorous matter;" and the Spaniards he found worse in this respect than the English.

I am happy to find that brawn and all such strange meats Boorde pronounces bad. Of two of them he says: "Yf a man eate nether of them bothe, it shall neuer do hym harme."

Hares he would have hunted: "it

makyth a gentylman good pastyme;" but he would leave it to the dogs to eat. "Conys flesshe (on the contrary) is good, but rabettes flesshe is best of all wyld beestes, for all thynges the whiche doth sucke is nutrytyue." Here Boorde helps us to distinguish synonyms — a rabbit in his day was a sucking cony. Beer, again, as we saw, he marks off from the ale with which it is so often confounded.

Further on he treats of vegetables, and proves that either the story of Queen Elizabeth sending to Holland for a salad is apocryphal, or else gardening must have died out in the troubles of the reign of Edward VI.; for here we have radish, lettuce, sorrel, endive, besides rocket, alexanders, and other plants, which our modern English cuisine superciliously neglects.

Boorde next arranges a diet for the sanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic, and choleric man, and also for patients suffering from moral diseases; recommending fresh air, cleanliness, care against infection, and a reference to "my Breuyary," just as if he was a nineteenth century physician. Better advice than this could not be given: "No one can be a better physycian for you than your own self can be, if you will consider what does you good and refrain from what harms you. . . . Let euery one beware of sorrow, care, thought, and inward anger. Sleep well and go to bed with a mery heart. . . . Wherefore let euery man be mery; and yf he can not, let hym resorte to mery company to breke of his perplexatyues." Further, wash your hands often, and comb your head, and keep chest and stomach warm and head cool; and if you are seriously ill, make your will, and have too or three good nurses, not slepysshe, sloudgysshe, sluttyshe, and have sweet flowers kept in your room, and no babbling women about.

Of human nature Boorde was at least as good a judge as he was of the diagnosis of diseases: his estimate of the female character, for instance, is that of the Arthusian Romance: "Women desire sovereignty." The man, he says, who would be at peace must "please his wyfe, and beate her nat, but let her haue her owne wyl, for that she wyll haue, who so euer say nay." As a prison reformer he was centuries before his day. But after speaking, as Howard might, about the filth and bad air in prisons, he quietly adds: "The chefe remedy is for man to so lyue and so to do that he deserue not to be brought into no prison." Before his time, too, are

his views on demoniacal possession: incubus and succubus, he says, are of "a vaporous humour or fumositie rysinge out and frome the stomake to the brayne."

Parents grumbled then as they do now at the idleness of the rising generation; "the feuer horden," Boorde calls it, and recommends *unguentum inculinum* as the remedy. Care, too, must be taken that they "put no Lubberworthe into their potage."

In fact there is a world of quaintness and good sense in Boorde; and Mr. Furnivall has only tantalized us by giving us extracts from books which make us anxious for more. How such a man could be taken as the type of what we mean by Merry Andrew it is hard to say: he is always recommending mirth, and he owns to his love of good cheer; but it is not at all merry-andrewish to sum up advice in this honest, earnest way: "Fyrste lyue out of syn, and folowe Christes doctrine, and then vse honest myrth and honest company, and vse to eate good meate and to drink moderately."

Enough about Boorde: this is one of the most interesting books to people in general that the Early English Text Society has yet given us.

From The Spectator.

NOVELISTS AS PAINTERS OF MORALS.*

ENGLAND has hardly received the honour she deserves as the birthplace of the modern novel. Except the incomparable *Don Quixote*, what had Europe produced in the way of narrative fiction before the appearance of *Robinson Crusoe* in 1719? Madame Scudery, in 1650, had told the idle world the loves and adventures of Artamenes in the Grand Cyrus, filling twenty plump volumes with her story. The English translation of that romance, dated 1653, is a weighty folio of close print, as also is *Clelia, a Romance*, and *Ibrahim, or the Illustrious Bassa*, by the same popular writer. Omitting the *Oroonoko* and other histories of Mrs. Aphra Behn, sixty years elapsed ere Scudery's renown was dimmed by the appearance of *Gil Blas* in her own country and the immortal *Robinson Crusoe* in ours. *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, *Colonel Jack*, *Captain Singleton*, *Moll Flanders* followed in quick succession, to

the delight of innumerable eager readers. The charm communicated by the works of those Dioscuri of the French literary firmament of our day Erckmann-Chatrian is doubtless akin to the feeling of gratification which our ancestors enjoyed on first reading Defoe's productions in fiction. Defoe, indeed, did not bring into full development what is now called a novel. That description of contemporary manners thrown round and identified with fictitious personages who move about the stage of ordinary life and enact an imagined and not too improbable history, is of later date. The honour of its invention was reserved for the humbler, but no less real genius who, twenty years after the publication of *Crusoe*, gave to the world *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*, volume by volume, too slowly for an interested and excited body of readers. Readers of memoirs and letters between 1740 and 1860 will continually meet with allusions to Richardson's works. The vivid impression of reality communicated by his characters was evidently not exceeded by the effect not yet obliterated of Dickens's stories on their first appearance. We have seen an unpublished letter written by a Welsh lady in 1754, in which the following passage occurs, "Methinks I should be glad to know what part of Sir Charles Grandison's character the critics are displeased with." The fair correspondent seems as much hurt as if a personal friend had received an injury. "I have been much diverted," she continues, "by a charge of coquetry laid upon Miss Byron by a neighbour and kinsman of ours. He must know something more of her than Mr. Richardson has informed us common readers, for I think nothing is more opposite his account of her than that character. I am glad to see by the newspaper that the seventh volume is to be published next Thursday. Mr. H. is very merry in the ludicrous detail he gives of what we must expect relating to Sir Charles in this last account of him, when all his wicked tricks in Italy are to be brought to light, and I do not know if he is not to be hanged before we have done with him." Everybody seemed full of the subject, the correspondents, their kinsmen, and their friends. Could literary reputation further ago?

Pamela had the honour of provoking Joseph Andrews into existence with the never-to-be-forgotten Parson Adams. The success of this book induced our "prose Homer" to write and publish *Tom Jones*, and thus add, according to Gibbon, another glory to the House of Hapsburg.

* *The Novels and Novelists of the Eighteenth Century in Illustration of the Manners and Morals of the Age.* By W. Forsyth, M.A., Q.C. London: Murray. 1871.

Amelia, though full of tenderness and truth, wants the bracing inspiring vivacity and vigour of the other two novels of Fielding. The open-air and roadside-inn adventures of Joseph and the parson on the one hand and of *Tom Jones* on the other give a picture of rural life in England that is unsurpassed in our literature. The indelicacy and coarseness of many passages in these works, transcripts as they doubtless are from nature, seem blown away by the hearty laughter, the bluff robust merriment that accompanies them. Smollett, who studied the same models that Fielding copied, has not the same breadth of hand or power of execution, and some of his scenes excite a feeling of disgust that honest readers of *Tom Jones* never can feel. Recurrence to mere indecency as a means of entertainment marks a very low intellectual type, and by this canon of criticism Mrs. Aphra Behn ought to be judged. Mr. Forsyth justly reprobates the social condition which could permit Behn's works to be read aloud in a drawing-room among ladies with applause, and he gives the oft-repeated anecdote told by Sir Walter Scott of his grand-aunt, Mrs. Keith, who in old age turned with nausea from reading the books she had heard with complacency in her youth. We suspect there was as much stupidity as want of refined taste in the society that permitted reading of that kind. A man may pass indulgently over Shakespeare's *double entendres* who would not endure to read Wycherly from beginning to end. Stories of the Mrs. Keith kind could easily be multiplied. We knew an octogenarian veteran of high standing who, finding no amusement in the *Guy Livingstones* and *Lady Audleys* of the day, had recourse to *Tom Jones*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and their compeers, in order to wile away the sleepless hours of night. These exhausted, he was induced by the notoriety of the lady to try Aphra Behn's works. Man of the camp though he was, and far from squeamish, the dirty dullness of the book thoroughly repelled him, and before many pages were read he put the volumes away.

Mr. Forsyth, in his instructive and entertaining volume, has succeeded in showing that much real information concerning the morals as well as the manners of our ancestors may be gathered from the novelists of the last century. With judicial impartiality he examines and cross-examines the witnesses, laying all the evidence before the reader. Essayists as well as novelists are called up. The *Spectator*, the

Tatler, the *World*, the *Connoisseur* add confirmation strong to the testimony of *Parson Adams*, *Trulliber*, *Trunnion*, *Squire Western*, the *Fool of Quality*, *Betsey Thoughtless*, and the like. Compare the picture of past times thus obtained with the impression produced by our own age. Admitting that we are as a community more decent and refined than were our forefathers, are we more virtuous? In the general progress of refinement vice participates, and is none the less poisonous for being distilled. We wear the mask better than did the gallants and gay ladies of old, and so far render the homage which vice pays to virtue in hypocrisy. The revelations of the law courts, no less than the sensational stories of our novelists, betray the existence of much evil in our society. Upon the whole, however, there is reason enough not to wish for the return of the old times. That the coarseness of manners did grievously blunt the edge of moral sensibility is pointedly shown by Fielding, in the unconsciousness with which he makes his hero keep up connection with Lady Bellaston after he has formed an attachment to Sophia Western.

Mr. Forsyth has an amusing chapter on the parson of the seventeenth century. The book of Eachard's entitled *Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy*, which he quotes, was once very pithily, though cynically, answered by a note on the flyleaf,—"The good sense of the laity." Mr. Forsyth has collected evidence enough to show that it was the selfishness and bad manners of the laity that more than anything else placed the clergy in a false and humiliating position. The best specimen of the class is Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain, "a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation," who understood backgammon, and lived in the family rather as a relation than a dependent, and who showed his good sense by preaching in regular succession the sermons of Tillotson, Saunderson, Barrow, Calamy, and South, instead of wasting his spirits in laborious compositions of his own. He heartily loved Sir Roger, and stood high in the old knight's esteem, having lived with him thirty years, during which time there had not been a lawsuit in the parish.

Here is a chapter on dress suggestive of comparisons. Costume is a subject on which novelists, like careful artists, are studiously precise. The late Mr. Thackeray, when inquiring for a life of Wolfe to assist him in the *Virginians*, said, in his

bluff way, "I don't care about his politics or his campaigns, but I want something that will tell me the colour of his breeches!" Ladies' hair was as deluding a century ago as at the present time. "I heard lately of an old baronet," says Graves, in the *Spiritual Quizote*, "that fell in love with a young lady of small fortune at some public place for her beautiful brown locks. He married her on a sudden, but was greatly disappointed upon seeing her wig or *tête* the next morning thrown carelessly on her toilette, while her ladyship appeared at breakfast in very bright red hair, a colour the old gentleman had a particular aversion to."

Mr. Forsyth's analysis of stories that few people read now-a-days will be welcome to many who wish to know the pith of works once so celebrated and still often referred to by name. The closing chapter of the book is concerned with novels well chosen to illustrate the transitional state of manners from the coarseness of George II.'s reign to the age of Queen Victoria. The *Vicar of Wakefield* and *Evelina* exhibit the earlier features of this transitional state — the works of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen their later development. We fear that there is little to be expected from the inculcation upon novel-writers of a sense of responsibility. If their own genius does not make them high-minded and pure, the chances are that the writing under a sense of moral responsibility will render their works dull and unreadable. Yet we cordially agree with the words quoted by Mr. Forsyth in his conclusion to the effect that the ideals we set before us in fiction, as in other regions of mental and moral activity, can scarcely be too high or too ardently and steadfastly adhered to.

From The Saturday Review.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

It is a good sign for England that the death of a scientific man like Sir John Herschel, although he had lived for many years in close retirement, had rarely been seen except by members of his own family and personal friends, and had long given over scientific work of the more serious kind, is felt as a great and national loss. High and low, rich and poor, lament the absence of one who has been to most of them little more than a name; first, because the dignity of a life spent in the study of nature is beginning to assert it-

self; and, secondly, because in Sir John Herschel the power of scientific observation was pre-eminently associated not only with the power of appealing to tens of thousands by his writings, but with all those qualities which, when we find them in a great man, make him universally beloved.

In attempting to give a sketch of a man who was so emphatically the son of his father, both in thought and work, it is impossible to speak of one without referring to the other. Not only were they labourers in the same vast field, but for many years of his life Sir John Herschel was engaged in researches which may be looked upon as an extension of those commenced by his father. Born at Slough in 1792, he passed his childhood under the shadow of that giant telescope which his father's skill and indomitable perseverance had erected, and to which the liberality of the King, who endowed the father with a sum of 400*l.* a year, enabled him to devote all his energies. Here we may stop to remark upon the large amount of immortal work which has been done under analogous conditions. The names of Ptolemy, Galileo, and Tycho at once occur to us as having been similarly aided in the very science which the Herschels have so brilliantly cultivated. How much work is still remaining undone in the presence of exactly the opposite conditions now, when the *même inutile* of Louis Quatorze is clean forgotten, abstract science is all but an outcast, and "Her Majesty's Government" — the modern King — while indeed it performs its duty in buying pictures, does nothing for the furtherance of natural knowledge, and all too little for its distribution!

John Herschel, indirectly profiting without doubt by this magnificent endowment, and reared in an atmosphere of wonderful discoveries, went to Eton and subsequently to St. John's College, Cambridge, filled with an intense love of his father's pursuits; and, as a result of his early training and his own mental powers, he came out senior wrangler and first Smith's prizeman in 1813, with Peacock as second wrangler, and Babbage — backing out of the battle of giants — captain of the poll. In the same year he sent his first paper to the Royal Society.

In 1816 we find him engaged in astronomical work in one of those prolific fields of observation which his father had opened up to an astonished world. The fixed stars, on which the prestige of immutability had rested after Galileo had snatched

it from the sun, had been found to include some which appeared double or treble, not because they were in the same line from the eye, but because they were physically connected, revolving round each other, or rather round a common centre of motion, as our earth does round the sun. This, and an examination of the nebulae and clusters discovered by his father, engaged much of Herschel's attention for some years, and in conjunction with Sir James South he presented a paper to the Royal Society, embodying upwards of 10,000 observations on the double stars, which was printed in 1824; and in 1832 a catalogue of 2,000 nebulae and clusters was also printed in the Philosophical Transactions.

But this by no means represents the sum total of his activity during this period. The Mathematical papers communicated in 1813 and the following years to the Philosophical Transactions, were soon supplemented by papers on Chemistry, many of which appeared in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* about 1819. In 1820 physical science was added to chemical science, and Herschel broke ground in his many researches on optical questions by a paper in the Philosophical Transactions on the action of crystallized bodies in homogeneous light; while, with astonishing versatility, in 1824 he had sufficiently mastered the subject of electricity to deliver the Bakerian Lecture before the Royal Society on the motion produced in fluid conductors when transmitting the electric current. We note these incidents merely to show Herschel's many-sidedness in his scientific work, not by any means to exhaust its list; for this many pages in the Royal Society's Index of Scientific Papers would have to be quoted. There is one item of what may be termed his miscellaneous work to which we must specially refer. In 1822 we find him investigating the spectra of coloured flames, and these researches were carried on, at intervals at all events, till 1827, when he wrote, "The colours thus contributed by different objects to flame afford in many cases a ready and neat way of detecting extremely minute quantities of them." Here we find spectrum analysis almost stated in terms, and yet, although Herschel, Brewster, and Fox Talbot were on the track of the most brilliant discovery of our age, the clue was lost and little came of their labours. It is one thing to make observations, and another to plan and conduct researches in a perfectly untrodden field; and it is no disparagement of Herschel to make this remark in connexion with his experiments

on spectrum analysis, for although he would certainly, as a result of these experiments, have anticipated Kirchhoff and Bunsen, if he had been gifted with that kind of genius which dominates the mind of the discoverer, his mind was intent upon a great project which he did not delay to put into execution. This was nothing less than an endeavour to do for the Southern heavens that which his father and himself had done for the Northern ones. This project he carried into execution in the year 1834, by taking his celebrated 18 1/2 inch reflector, of 20 feet focal length, made by himself, and a smaller refractor, to the Cape of Good Hope, and erecting his observatory at Feldhausen, near Table Bay. Here for four years of self-imposed exile his industry was simply unparalleled. It requires an intimate acquaintance with the working of large reflecting telescopes of the construction adopted by Sir John Herschel to appreciate the tremendous labour and patience involved in the work he had set himself to do. Those who have only seen astronomical observations carried on in an observatory where for the most part equatorially mounted refractors, with observing chairs allowing the utmost ease to the observers, are employed, can form no idea of the extreme discomfort of him who is perched high up, on a small stage, standing for the most part in the open air; yet this was Herschel's self-imposed duty, not only in his Cape observations, but in the earlier work to which we have before referred. Such was his industry that he by no means confined himself to his "sweepings," double star observations, and "nightwork" generally. Some of the most beautiful drawings of sun spots that we possess are to be found in the volume in which his work is recorded, entitled "Results of Astronomical Observations made during 1834-38 at the Cape of Good Hope, being the Completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825"; a volume, let us add, which was published partly at the expense of the Duke of Northumberland. In addition to all the new knowledge of old nebulae, and descriptions of those he had discovered in the Southern hemisphere, Sir John Herschel took advantage of the position at the Cape to delineate the magnificent nebulae of Orion, as well as that surrounding η Argus, and to determine the places of all the included stars visible in his large instrument. The fidelity of these drawings is something wonderful.

We may fitly complete our notice of Sir John Herschel's work by referring to the two catalogues which within the last few years he has presented to the Royal and Royal Astronomical Societies — one of all known nebulae, in which are brought together all the observations of Messier, his father, himself, Lord Rosse, Lassell, Bond, and others; the other a *seventh* catalogue of double stars, completing the former lists presented to the Royal Astronomical Society during the years 1827-37.

So much in brief for Herschel's observational and experimental work. As a scientific writer he was equally diligent. Immediately after taking his degree, in 1813, he commenced writing on mathematical subjects, and afterwards these were changed for physical studies. In the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* and in various encyclopedias articles of unsurpassed excellence and clearness are to be found from his fertile pen, for instance, his articles on Meteorology, Physical Geography, and the Telescope, which have been reprinted in a separate form. Some of this work appeared before he went to the Cape, as also his Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy and his Treatise on Astronomy. In all these there is evidence of Herschel's great power as a writer, and of his appreciation of the importance of natural knowledge in itself; while his thorough acquaintance with the position of England with regard to science may probably have had something to do with the fertility of his pen. For instance, in his Treatise on Sound he writes: — "In England whole branches of Continental discovery are unstudied, and indeed almost unknown even by name. It is vain to conceal the melancholy truth. We are fast dropping behind." This charge, we grieve to say, still holds good, because our Governments, existing as they do for political reasons, care little for the cultivation of science as a means of national advancement. This consideration gives additional value to another class of Herschel's writings — writings which have endeared his name to tens of thousands and made it a household word, and have been a powerful engine of instruction and a valuable incentive to scientific study.

There are many kinds of popular scientific writing. In one we find a full knowledge and complete grasp of the subject associated with a power of manipulating language and a vein of poetry, the greatest charm of all being the perfect suppression of the writer. The field of nature explored alone meets the eye, and one reads

on as if under a spell; there is nothing to cloud the scene. In another kind we have large knowledge and almost equal fluency, but the poetry runs riot into sensationalism, and nature is studied under difficulties — the author, the showman, is everywhere. In yet another kind we find power of writing and some knowledge; but here the harvest is not for the reader, but for the writer, who therefore hesitates not to spice his articles highly, in order that his inaccuracies may escape detection by the majority of his readers. We cannot pursue this analysis further; suffice it to say that Herschel's more popular writings were supreme in the highest class. And, with all his consciousness of intellectual powers, he was never tempted into the weak vanity of scepticism. Very lately he observed of a well-known work upon the origin of species, that, if its author had only recognized a Creator, he would have made one of the greatest discoveries of science.

Herschel's latest scientific publication was his *Outlines of Astronomy*, first published in 1849, a work which would have almost if not quite sufficed to make the reputation of any ordinary man; it has already run through several editions, and has been translated into several languages, Chinese among the number. The last publication which bears his name was the fruit of that vigorous old age which sought recreation in change of occupation; and it is characteristic alike of the versatility of Herschel's genius and of the immortal interest of the Homeric poems that his final volume should have been a translation of the *Iliad* into English hexameters. Sir John Herschel had long been accustomed to charm his friends by sparkling *vers de société*, and in his leisure hours he would divert himself with indulging in the composition of Latin verse.

It is some consolation to know that the great man at whose labours we have rapidly glanced died full of honours in a ripe old age. Too often the merits of an English man of science are for the first time recognized when he has gone from among us. This was by no means Herschel's case. His scientific labours received the highest honours which the Royal Society, the Paris Academy of Sciences, and the Royal Astronomical Society can bestow. A baronetcy was conferred upon him on his return from the Cape, where, let us add, all his observations were made at his own expense. St. John's College conferred upon him the first of its Honorary Fellowships; Oxford granted him her D.C.L.; and Marischal College, Aberdeen, claimed him as

its Rector. But he was never President of the Royal Society or of the British Association.

The distinguishing feature of his character was the quality which we can best describe by a very trite but expressive appellation, simplicity. The pride of intellect and the vanity of cleverness — qualities different in themselves, though often confounded — were equally absent from his nature, while that self-reliance which is their better counterpart never failed to assert itself. The womanly jealousies and partizanships which too often discredit the career of philosophers were abhorrent to his nature, while in the scramble for titular distinctions his form could never be described. His spirits were those of a boy, happy not only in the enjoyment of life but in the consciousness of being able to give the highest pleasure to others, while his sympathy was ever ready and ever judicious. We may give a characteristic instance of this quality. If anything *à priori* might have been thought alien from Herschel's pursuits it would have been the rifle movement, and yet he mainly incited a rural district to organize its corps by standing up in the big room of a country inn, and telling his neighbours — at that time much excited by the insolence of Napoleon's colonels — that if we were invaded we must fight like wild cats.

It is a welcome indication of the growing feeling of the value and dignity of scientific work that the remains of Sir John Herschel should rest in Westminster Abbey, close to the grave of Newton. Of his private life in his beautiful home of Collingwood, at Hawkhurst in the rich Weald of Kent, we should have much to say if we could bring ourselves to expose to the public gaze the interior of a household singular for the unbroken affection which united all its members, the earnestness and purity of its aims, the talent, the taste, and the gracefulness of all its pursuits. The lady whom Sir John Herschel made the partner of his life was in every way worthy of him, with an intellect to apprehend his deepest studies, a self-forgetting devotion to ease every labour, a beauty and gentleness which lightened the philosopher's study with all the charms of graceful happiness. The children who grew up under such auspices reflected the virtues and abilities of their parents, while in Alexander Herschel we find the third generation of a family of science.

From The Examiner.
NEMESIS IN PARIS.

WE have yet to hear the true story of the terrible disaster, in which culminated all the previous disasters of Paris and of France, on Wednesday last; and we may expect to find that its circumstances have been far more exaggerated than we already know them to be. Neither Nôtre Dame, the Louvre, nor the Sorbonne, the great historic centres of French religion, art, and literature, have been destroyed. Neither the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville, nor the Palais Royal are probably as "utterly reduced to ashes" as M. Thiers and the newspaper correspondents announced. But the best is bad enough; and, when full abatement has been made from the sensational stories of burning palaces and mangled corpses, it may be that the ugly residue of fact will have a yet uglier significance than has yet been attached to it. The lurid flames of Wednesday have, for the present, thrown into the shade the ten weeks' struggle between the National Assembly and the Paris Communists, to which this great catastrophe is a ghastly sequel, if, indeed, it is not rather an episode than a sequel; and a temporary veil has been thrown over the dismal prospect of wretchedness and degradation through which France will certainly have to pass before she can again take her place among the nations of the world. Before long we shall doubtless be weary of talking grandly about the horrors of the catastrophe itself, and of the vague and vindictive denunciations of its real or supposed authors that are now so plentiful, and shall have time to inquire as to its real meaning, and to apportion the blame with some semblance of justice.

The event is not one to be rightly understood by the false light of its own unnatural flames, and still less should we venture to trace out the causes of it by that light alone. It may be that the remnant of the Commune, which remained in power when the troops from Versailles broke through the walls of Paris on Monday, gave orders, open or secret, for this terrible, wholly indefensible, and most short-sighted vengeance on its conquerors; and, if it did so, we need not greatly wonder, as, during the past fortnight and more, every healthy element in the dominant party has been weeded out, and only the worst representatives of Red Republicanism in its worst form have been suffered to remain. Or it may be that the wanton incendiarism was the act of a few unauthorized madmen, aliens or foreigners,

who, finding that their cherished hopes were destroyed, chose the cruellest and most senseless means within their power of allaying their disappointment. But, whoever lit the fires, their real causes must not be sought in the Paris of to-day. The worst that the immediate offenders have done has been to apply a match to fuel that other and greater culprits have been carefully preparing during many generations. The whole French nation is to blame; and the blame must chiefly fall on those who have been entrusted with its leadership and guidance. The spoliation of M. Thiers's house was a crime; but was it not a proper retribution for the criminal way in which M. Thiers in time past, pandered to the national vanity by his panegyrics of the First Empire, and, in the present, has sought to build up a new tyranny for France, under the name of Republicanism? The pulling down of the Vendôme Column was a greater crime; but was it not a proper retribution for the greater criminality of the bad man whose statue was at its summit, and whose wrongdoing during his lifetime was intensified by the vicious folly with which it was carried on by his nephew and successor? The burning of the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville, and the other buildings, is a far more monstrous crime; but is it not a proper retribution for the long train of oppression which long lines of tyrants have laid upon France? It is silly. It is wicked. The heart sickens as it hears of the spoliation of these gay trophies of civilization in the centre of European civilization, and yet more of the vicious temper shown in their destruction, and, most of all, of the waste of life and provocation of deadly passions that are attendant upon it. But the men who have done these deeds are not the causers of them, any more than they are the causers of the degradation that now weighs heavily on the whole of France. The Nemesis has been working this week in Paris. The seeds of ruin have been sown in other generations, and this generation is forced to reap the bitter fruit.

There is cruel fitness in the catastrophe, and in the special shape which it has taken. The palace of the Tuileries was the great ornament of Paris, the pride of France, the admiration of all the pleasure-seekers who sought their pleasure in the capital of gaiety and folly. But how many foul scenes have been enacted within its walls since the day when it was built by Catherine de Medici, to be a favourite abode of the Bourbon line which superseded the

effete race of the Valois, poisoned by her union with it! Down to the luckless days of Marie Antoinette, it was a haunt of royal vice, and a centre of corruption for French society, and when the First and the Third Napoleons added to its splendour, they imported into it no virtue. We need not marvel that the most infuriated of the enemies of the old order of things should have resolved to destroy for ever the centre of so much mischief, a structure which, in spite of its artistic beauties, was morally almost as hideous as that Bastille which their forerunners destroyed in the time of the First Revolution. And those other buildings that they have set on fire are only whited sepulchres. We cannot palliate the offence of this Vandalism. They who have most at heart the regeneration of France will most strongly deprecate the temper which has burst out in wanton incendiarism this week, seeing that perhaps its most immediate effect will be to delay the advent of new life to the nation, and to strengthen a revival of the old tyranny. But it is necessary to remember that the wanton incendiarism is only a natural consequence of the treatment to which France has been subjected by Valois and Bourbons alike, and hardly less by the weak kings and false emperors who have succeeded them; and the hideous spectacle of Wednesday will not have been wholly deplorable if, by-and-by, when the passions of the moment are appeased, the stern teachings of history are apprehended, and a new France can be created out of the old France that now writhes in agony.

From The Spectator.
BELGIAN POLITICS.

ALTHOUGH the recent war seemed at the outset full of peril for Belgium, one of its indirect results has apparently been to place that country in a more secure position than it previously occupied. The apprehensions which were excited by the publication of the Secret Treaty were certainly not without foundation, and it is easy to conceive that, if the conflict had been for a time more evenly balanced, the Germans might have been tempted to sacrifice Belgium to France as the price of territorial concessions to themselves. As matters have turned out, the Power from which Belgium had always most to fear has been utterly overthrown, while at the same time the other belligerent is now

bound by the strongest ties of interest to defend the independence of the little kingdom. It is not improbable that, if the French could get over their present troubles, they would seek some means of recovering their military prestige and making good their losses. In that case prudential considerations would doubtless direct attention to their Northern rather than their Eastern neighbour. A little reflection, however, should convince them that the whole conditions of an attack on Belgium have been changed, greatly to their disadvantage. No bribe can now be offered to procure the acquiescence of Prussia, who not desiring Belgium for herself, has quite as cogent reasons as England for keeping France out of it. Even a strong Power would think twice before assailing a country which could promptly array such a force as Belgium placed on her frontier last summer, with the citadel of Antwerp as a base, and such an ally as England, to say nothing of Prussia, in the background. The peculiar position of Belgium exposes her, however, to greater dangers from within than from without. It is her curious fate to oscillate between the happiness of a country which has no history of its own, and the unhappiness of being unable to keep clear of the historical developments of other countries. In one way or another this most quiet and unobtrusive of States seems to get entangled in almost every great Continental movement. While its geographical situation made it at one time the fighting ground of Europe, its free constitution now renders it the favourite resort of all classes of political agitators. Republican conspirators against the Empire and Imperialist conspirators against the Republic, Socialists, Democrats, and Ultramontanes, alike flock thither to concert their plans, and to establish on safe neutral soil the head-quarters of their respective organizations. Much of the unpopularity of our own country abroad is due to the divergence between our political system and the more or less rigid despotisms of the Continent; and this feeling is naturally intensified in the case of Belgium, from the mere fact of contiguity of frontier. The maintenance of free constitutional government by a small State under such circumstances is an enterprise of considerable hazard. Prince Bismarck a few years ago denounced the "nest of democrats" at Brussels; the late Emperor Napoleon repeatedly protested against the liberty accorded to the Belgian press; and even an English Minister once gave equivocal

countenance to these complaints. The prudence and loyalty of the Belgian Government have hitherto preserved them from the consequences of this irritation, without any infringement of the liberal principles of their Constitution. But their task is obviously one of great delicacy and difficulty, and there are symptoms of a disposition on the part of some of their guests to abuse the hospitality accorded to them. Moreover, though the Belgians themselves are naturally a slow and steadfast people, it is impossible that they can altogether resist the moral influences of such an invasion of political agitators and propagandists.

Two strong currents may be traced in the recent course of Belgian politics. While, on the one hand, fear and abhorrence of democratic excesses have of late years been strengthening the position of the Clerical party, on the other hand the open ascendancy of that party is now producing a partial reaction the other way. The Liberals are divided into two camps—the moderate Liberals, who were last year driven from office by the Clerical party; and the Democrats, who by their violence contributed in a large measure to the downfall of the late Government, and the elevation of the Clericals in their place. The relation of the various parties to each other and to the public is very clearly illustrated in the debates on the Reform Bill lately introduced by the Ministry. It would appear to be a law of nature that Conservative Governments should produce democratic Reform Bills. M. D'Anethan, the chief of the Clerical party, who are the Conservatives of Belgium, has taken advantage of being in office to effect a manipulation of the provincial and communal constituencies so as to bring them more completely under the control of the priests. With this view he proposed a sweeping reduction in both those franchises which, like the Parliamentary franchise, are based on annual payments of direct taxes. The qualification for votes at the election of Provincial Councils (akin to our Quarter Sessions) was lowered from 42 francs 32 centimes to 20 francs; while in the case of elections for the Communal Council or Local Board a uniform qualification of 10 francs was substituted for the graduated scale according to population, running from 15 francs up to 42 francs 32 centimes, which has hitherto been established. This measure was opposed by the whole body of Liberals, but on entirely different and indeed antagonistic grounds. While the Democrats

complained that it did not go far enough in the reduction of the franchise, the moderate Liberals or Whigs resisted it because it went too far. Nothing would satisfy the former but universal suffrage, qualified only by an educational test as to reading and writing. M. Frère Orban and the moderate Liberals were equally opposed to this democratic project and to the Government Bill—to the one because it amounted practically to an unrestricted suffrage, the condition as to reading and writing being illusory and inoperative, and to the other because it must lead directly and inevitably to the same result. M. Frère Orban borrowed Mr. Lowe's arguments, and almost his words, in deprecating any departure from the established system. If a reduction were once commenced it could not, he contended, be arrested short of universal suffrage; and he pointed to France as an illustration of the fatal effects of that "gangrene" of national life. The Ministry resented the proposed educational condition, which, however insufficient as a genuine test of intelligence and integrity, would at least have had the effect of cutting off a good many of the ignorant peasants on whom they reckoned to counteract the influence of the middle classes; but they were perhaps not particularly afraid of universal suffrage if separated from this invidious test. At any rate, confident of their power to reduce the suffrage just so far as and no further than they pleased, they disregarded M. Frère Orban's warning and carried their Bill.

There can be no doubt that for the present the Clericals are triumphant, and that under the new law they will be able to beat up an overwhelming majority in the polling-booths. If they are content to exercise their power moderately, they may probably continue in office for several years to come. Recent events in France have strongly confirmed the hostility of the great body of the people to democratic principles, while the entry of the Italians into Rome has excited sympathy for the Pope. It is, however, extremely improbable that the dominant party will exercise the self-denial which discretion would advise. The vivid description which M. Prevost-Paradol drew in one of his lectures of the hold of the Church—not merely the spiritual but the material hold—on the provincial towns of France, is still more applicable to Belgium. A large part of the whole fee simple of the country belongs to the Church. A still larger proportion of the population is directly or indirectly dependent on the clergy or under

their influence in a pecuniary sense. The misfortunes which have befallen the Church in Spain, Italy, and France have led to a vast accumulation of clerical property in Belgium, as well as a large clerical immigration. Belgium, in short, has become the strong-box of the Church, and the head-quarters of Ultramontane activity. But already this has given rise to a considerable amount of irritation, and it will be strongly resented by certain classes if carried much further. The outcry which was raised a few years ago in Ghent and some other Belgian cities against the great estates of the Church and the monopoly of the soil which it was alleged to be bent on acquiring, should serve as a warning of the danger of too conspicuous a parade either of wealth or influence. It may be assumed, however, that the Ministry would not have been at the pains to strengthen their position, and to secure the command of a large body of voters, unless they had some designs in view for which this force was wanted; and in any case the consciousness of power supplies a constant temptation to exert it. Moreover, the waning influence of the Church in other countries, and the open mutinies which have followed the proclamation of the Infallibility dogma, may be supposed to require some striking manifestation of strength and vitality as a counterpoise. It is not the loss of the mere temporal revenues of the Papal States which the Church laments, but the loss of the subjects over whom it could rule with that direct temporal authority which it still claims to exercise throughout the world. It will not perhaps be surprising if an attempt is made to get up a visible and emphatic demonstration of this authority in Belgium, as some compensation for the falling away of Rome. There can hardly be a doubt as to the ultimate result of any movement in this direction. The great body of the people of Belgium, though leaning for the moment towards the Church, are not disposed to be ranged as vassals at its heels. If the clericals have discernment, they will understand that it is not love for them, but abhorrence of democratic excesses, which has placed them in office, and that the only condition on which they can keep their power is not to use it to freely. If they attempt to push their victory too far, they will only be playing the game of the Democrats, just as the Democrats have of late been playing the game of the Church. The best hope for Belgium is apparently, that the moderate Liberals may regain office in

order to mediate between the two extremes.

From The Examiner.

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

ACCORDING to the usually well-informed *Bank und Handels Zeitung* of Berlin, a courier has just been despatched from London to India with instructions to make ready an army of 20,000 men for eventualities in China. The same authority adds that negotiations have been opened between the British Government and the Khedive on the subject of the despatch of reinforcements from England, in case of necessity, by way of the Suez Canal. We do not know how far the Berlin journal is warranted in its intelligence by facts which have not reached the British public; and it is to be hoped that some member of Parliament will probe the mystery, if mystery there be. The fact that our relations with China have, for some time past, had a warlike appearance makes it doubly important that we should know whether the storm-clouds have, at length, passed away; or whether, in the opposite case, the requisite measures have been taken.

For months past, the best-informed Asiatic journals have been filled with warnings of the course that events are taking in the Celestial Empire. The affair at Tientsin, which cost the lives of so many unoffending Europeans, is an instance of popular fanaticism and Mandarin indifference, or worse, which calls for the most serious consideration. The attacks on European policy and European morality which form, at the present hour, the staple of Chinese periodical and pamphlet literature, and which enter so largely into the official acts and proclamations of the Chinese Government, are evidences of a hostility as systematic as it is inveterate. Hitherto a certain consciousness of inferiority in such military appliances as cannon and rifles has, in spite of the national self-conceit, materially influenced the reflections of the warlike Tartars. Repeated lessons of progressively increasing severity have taught them that the short sword was unequal to contests with the western bayonet, and that clumsy and ineffective bows and arrows, jingalls, and matchlocks, could lead to but one result when pitted against Armstrong guns and Enfield muskets. The Chinese have been reproached with their stationary proclivities. They will

be found to be no unapt pupils in the school of destruction. Hongkong and Shanghai advices bear witness to hostile preparations very different from the old theatric barbarism. Arsenals are being founded. The Imperial artillery are being armed with European field-pieces. The infantry are being exercised in the use of breech-loading rifles. The instructions of a Gordon have not been thrown away. When we look to a kindred people, the Japanese, and see the progress already made in armaments and discipline, the forts, the ironclads, the multitude of well-armed battalions, and the precision of the military manoeuvres; when we remember the stubborn valour displayed before now by Chinese troops at the Taku forts and elsewhere; — we can understand that the enormous empire of Eastern Asia may shortly cease to be the huge mass of helplessness to which we have accustomed ourselves. It is true that we are, as yet, assisting at a very early stage of the transformation. It will be years before the million of soldiers or militia-men who, under the designation of "the Army of the Eight Banners," form the main force of the Chinese Government are even tolerably provided with the new arms. For the present we shall have to deal only with the picked troops, — the corps of guards as they would be called in Europe. It is evident, however, that a change has been inaugurated. What the Chinese have wanted, up to this, has been not the capacity of imitation, but the knowledge of what to imitate. Were even the wild hill-tribes of Hindustan armed with Snider rifles, we should find it hard to hold our own with our sixty thousand European troops and our innumerable difficulties of every sort. We suspect it will be a far more difficult task to curb the enmity of a nation of 400,000,000 when it gives up bows and arrows, and takes to arms of precision. That the Chinese consider themselves already pretty far advanced in their military reforms may be seen in the fact that they are paying great attention to the commissariat department. The Mandarins have caused it to be made known that rice-merchants will find ample custom for their commodity, — an indispensable item in the rations of a Chinese soldier, — at the Bureaux of the Government. It is urged that stores of this nature are not accumulated for nothing.

Perhaps it may be said that the execution of the fifteen coolies accused of participation in the Tientsin massacre indicates a pacific disposition on the part of

the Pekin Government. But the universal opinion of the European community in China directly contradicts this view. The execution is regarded as merely a trick. The Chinese Government is still engaged in its preparations. It does not choose to throw off the mask just yet; and what are the lives of fifteen, or fifty times fifteen, of the common people? In the meanwhile the real culprits, the Tientsin Mandarins, have escaped unpunished, and, in temporary and honourable exile at the military settlements on the Amoor, await the moment when a grateful country will be able to reward their services against "the foreign devils."

But are the Europeans entirely unaccountable for the present situation? Are the Mandarins alone to blame? It must be admitted that our hands are not quite so clean in this matter as could be wished, and that it is from our having previously sown the wind that we are now threatened with having to reap the whirlwind. The one word, opium, sums up half the difficulties which have beset the foreigner in China. Here in England we are expending a vast quantity of virtuous indignation on the liquor traffic. There can be no doubt that the liquor traffic is, in many respects, baneful, that it impoverishes the nation as well as the individual, that it saps the strength and the morality of large classes of our population, that it brings misery and ruin to many an English home. And yet we have forced a still more besetting drug than alcohol upon the temperate and abstemious Chinese. Having first taught them to use it, we battered down their walls when their Government attempted to interpose between its subjects and bestialization. At the present moment, the second greatest source of the Indian revenue consists of the opium traffic with China. In the financial year 1869-70, the revenue from this drug, exclusively cultivated for the Chinese market, exceeded 8,000,000*l.* We can conceive what must be the feelings of all the best and highest minds of China, in face of this wholesale debauching of their countrymen for the profit of a foreign Power. Such conduct on the part of a civilized and Christian State is certainly ill calculated to awaken esteem for Christianity and civilization. From the radical suspicion with which the Chinese Government—and not only the Government, but the whole educated class—have come to regard foreigners, it is easy to trace the consequences. We have never shown much generosity, or even honesty, in our deal-

ings with China. We need not be surprised to find that selfishness—often short-sighted selfishness—and dishonesty have been our requital.

The epigram about England, "with opium in the one hand, and the Bible in the other," is truer than most epigrams. The Catholic missionaries in China have made many converts, if they have not taught them much. But the Protestant missionaries have failed in the work for which they are sent out, and have only succeeded in breeding mischief. A remarkable instance of their mode of procedure is afforded by their conduct during the Taiping rebellion. It appeared that Tien-wan, the leader of that movement, had attended a Baptist school in Canton. Of course the Scriptures had been placed in his hands. Nothing more was necessary to persuade the various Protestant missionaries that, when this precious Tien-wan took up the *role* of an insurgent chief, they had discovered a veritable champion of the faith in the long-haired barbarian. Meantime, while they were inditing unctuous epistles to credulous souls in England, and endeavouring to procure intervention on behalf of Tien-wan, that interesting apostle was reducing flourishing provinces to deserts, decapitating men and violating women, and, though abandoned to every brutal excess of ferocious sensuality, was announcing himself as the new Messiah, the brother and successor of Christ. The hostile attitude of the Protestant missionaries has not been forgotten by the Chinese Government.

It will be allowed that, between the opium policy of our mercantile relations and the Taiping policy of our missionary enterprises, the hostility of the Chinese is not altogether inexplicable. The unfortunate barbarians refuse to believe that our commerce and our creed, our drugs and our Bibles, are all sent out for their good. In the meanwhile what is to be done? China contains a population half as large again as the united populations of the continent of Europe. The annual revenue of the central government is estimated, even in its present backward condition, at 200,000,000 taels, or more than 66,000,000*l.*—little short, in fact, of the annual revenue of the United Kingdom. It is surely the wisest, as well as the noblest, policy to seek to gain the friendship instead of the hatred of such a nationality. If war be a necessity at present, we can only hope that its satisfactory termination will be the starting-point for better things in the time to come.

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